



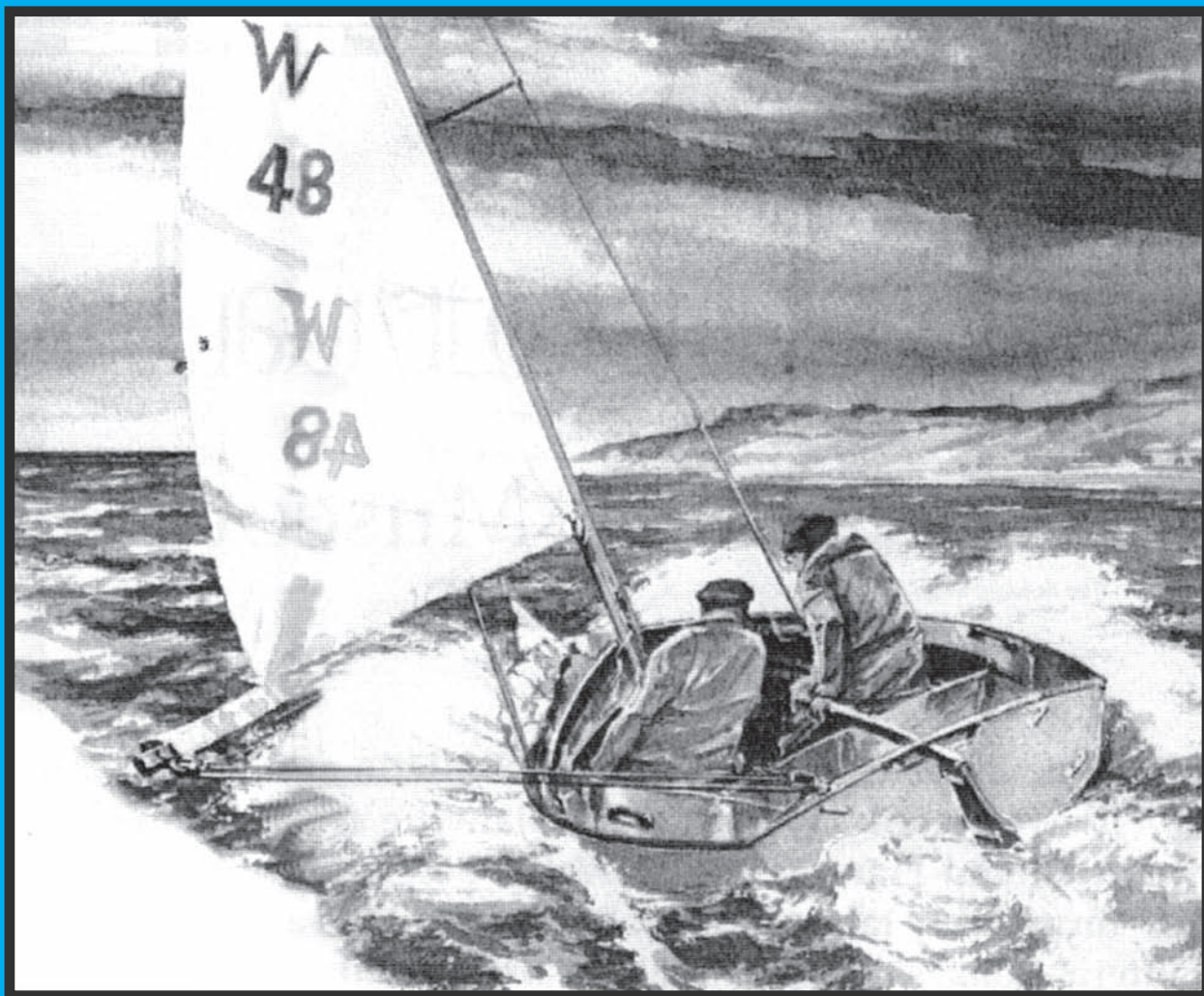
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about in

BOATS

Volume 28 – Number 6

October 2010

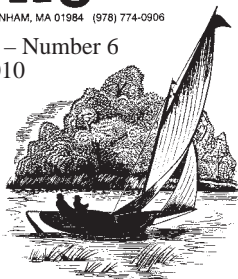
Special Features This Issue
“Festival of Sail 2010” — “Minnesota Messabout 2010”
“Frank Dye and Wayfarer Dinghies”
“The First Cruise of the *Dauntless*”
“Around Lake Champlain” — “Around Manhattan in a Day”



messing about in BOATS

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October 2010



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Lotsa adventure tales in this issue, put together at the end of summer when such stories begin to turn up here. But they are not all contemporary, the leadoff feature is from the British *DCA Bulletin*, their commemoration of Frank Dye and his adventuring in his 16' Wayfarer dinghy. The Dye's several books on their adventuring (Frank's wife Margaret shared many of them with him) are great reading if you have not already enjoyed them. To me his quite unassuming, matter-of-fact undertaking of breathtaking open ocean cruises in that little open boat provide an understanding and appreciation of the outer reaches achievable in such craft.

While not completely an adventure story, the Phil Bolger & Friends design story, Part 2, about his oceangoing rowboat *Hermes*, features the tale of its owner/builders attempt to row across the Atlantic (he disappeared in the attempt, although the boat was found). Ill-advised (perhaps) or not, it is an intimidating tale.

Despite taking place in far more protected waters, Martin Sokolinsky's "Overtaken by a Storm in Ambrose Channel" nevertheless has an aura of potential danger.

But all adventures need not include danger (let alone disappearance!). Solo canoeist Reinhard Zollitsch, whose tales of long distance solo trips in his sea canoe appear from time to time on these pages, enjoyed a more laid back adventure this summer, "Around Lake Champlain NY/VT", a week long circumnavigation of the shores of Lake Champlain rather than tackling more unprotected open ocean shores.

Another paddling adventure of shorter duration but similar inshore conditions is Hugh McManus' "Around Manhattan in a Day," here dealing with New York harbor's unique tidal currents and heavy commercial boat traffic.

We reached back to 1875 for a tale of a sailing adventure on Great Britain's challenging coastal waters by famed canoe yawl designer Albert Strange, "The First Cruise of the *Dauntless*," how it was 135 years ago, not all that different in many ways for man and boat together at sea.

At what has to be about the opposite extreme we reached back 25 years ago in *MAIB* to reprint my report on an overnight coastal sail in a 16' catboat, "*Garfield* to the Isles," which turned out to be the closest I ever came to a sailing adventure cruise.

Two more summer sailing cruises, Lionel Taylor's reminiscing of bygone adventures on Long Island Sound in "Cruise to Chocomount Cove" and Bill Cheney's ongoing series on summer adventuring on the Maine coast in an engineless catboat, "Midsummer Cruise," round out the sailing stories.

Wrapping up all this adventuring is Bob McAuley's "A June Paddle on Salt Creek," a tale of local paddling observing wildlife and riverside human impacts. This is the level of adventuring most like what I indulge in today.

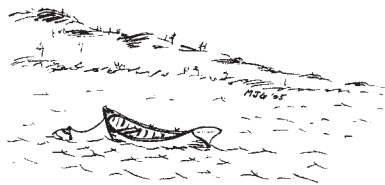
Adventure is what you make it, and the range of experience is enormous. Its basic appeal is getting away from everyday life and its mundane concerns, getting some excitement (fear even!) into one's life. The degree to which one gets away to achieve this sense of adventure is established by each adventurer's personal threshold at which the adventure begins. Typically the most challenging adventures are undertaken in our younger years when we still fancy ourselves as being immortal. As we age we get more conservative.

As I read these stories (and all the other similar tales we get to share with you) the absence of any significant youthful adventures afloat in my life, occasioned mostly because of my late start at 48, does not create a yearning for missed adventures. I had mine in the '50s/'60s/'70s in my motorcycling competition career, lots of excitement over 18 years. Now my boating adventuring is our weekly kayak outings exploring the many streams, rivers, ponds, and lakes within a couple of hours' drive from home. Several hours afloat exploring accessible waters with congenial company within a couple of hours of home may not sound very adventurous, but it suits me at this point in my long life. It's the getting out there that still rewards.

On the Cover...

The cover drawing from the *British Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin* epitomizes for me the dream of adventuring in small open boats. It leads off our feature in this issue, the DCA commemoration of Frank Dye, whose adventures in an open 16' Wayfarer sailing dinghy included sailing from Scotland to Iceland and several times to Norway. Frank died this past spring at 80. It seemed an appropriate feature to go with much of the rest of the content in this issue, a number of adventure tales from many of you.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

To Cuttyhunk

Rain on and off during the night. The caulking I applied last week has minimized the leak above my galley. The weather channel predicts a mild day. I slide my main hatch open and again surprise the great blue heron perched on my Whitehall dinghy. Perhaps I should offer her coffee.

Now programming route into GPS and soon on my way to Cuttyhunk. Harbor here just a ripple. Overcast holds promised light above it, but air feels thick and droplets hang from my boom. I shall keep my foul weather gear handy. I motor the mile out of Point Judith Pond and raise my rags within the embrace of the breakwater. The ebb takes me out to sea, past the tall, occulting light at the point. I flop along with the tide for half an hour, during which time the genoa coyly plays hide and seek from side to side of the mast. I drop the jib, secure the main amidships, and start the motor.

Off the mouth of Narragansett Bay, I can see the graceful leap of both the bridges in the distance: the first connecting North Kingstown to Jamestown, on Conanicut Island; the second from Jamestown to Newport, on Aquidneck Island. I see a large ketch silhouetted by the shore; another sail five miles out; one trawler and a small powerboat far astern. This nearly qualifies as being alone.

MoonWind rises and falls on lovely soft swells, like those in my blanket in bed when I was a boy, over which my tiny toy boat would climb. Those were not so large, perhaps, but bosomy and, when I blew on my little sails, my tiny toy boat would dip in the flannel swale of the sea. *MoonWind* breasts the next swell, inhales, and glides.

Lobster pot buoys abound and I must keep both eyes open. A quarter mile upwind steams a fishing boat. Her vivid essence is borne to me by the breeze; at half a mile it fades; at a mile, the merest redolence remains.

A larger craft appears to the east and approaches swiftly. It resolves into a high-speed ferry returning from Martha's Vineyard. She certainly flies, and throws a rooster-tail several feet high.

As I eat my lunch, I spy the first mark of my course: the red and white whistle off the Sakonnet River, three miles ahead. I've covered nearly half of the 30 miles. Now the breeze awakes. I slack my main and hoist my genoa. Finally turn off the motor and delight to hear the water hiss by my hull. Making only three knots but should arrive before dark.

Soon I can sight the Elizabeth Islands emerging from the haze. I scan the south with binoculars and pick out the red steel tower: Buzzards Bay light. I slant across the Bay and keep a weather eye open for heavy traffic. I see but a single tow, already past me. The towrope is invisible at this distance.

The breeze is on my quarter; I make fair time. That is to say, my progress equals that of a vigorous walk. It takes the entire afternoon to cover 15 miles. One has the expanse of Buzzards Bay to contemplate, the grace of a gull gliding grandly across the swells, the relationship of oneself to this whirling earth. One's body displaces less than a cask of brine; the stevedore of one's soul can stow a million, million casks; one's mind nearly comprehends one drop of water. *MoonWind* rolls lazily and pushes the sea aside.

Gradually, the islands ahead transmute from nebulous blue to brown and grey and green. Now I can distinguish little Penikese Island from Cuttyhunk; I need to pass between them. Penikese has only a couple of dwellings and nothing much that would qualify as a tree. I pass the red and green buoy at Middle Ground; spot the next red marker and then the next. It's nothing more than a nautical child's game of connect the dots.

Just without the narrow tip of Capicut Neck, I put the helm down, go forward and douse my jib. I drop my mainsail into the lazy jacks, start my outboard, round the light at the end of the little breakwater, and enter the natural channel to Cuttyhunk Harbor. The placid inner harbor is three parts empty. The mothering arm of Capicut Neck embraces this refuge, rebuffs the ragged sea. By five o'clock I'm fast to a transient mooring. A dozen other sailboats swing nearby. I secure my sails and square away my gear. I draw my Whitehall alongside and make ready to row ashore.

The village nestles against a little hill; the prospect from its summit at day's end should not be missed. The sun remains a hand's breadth up the pink and purple sky. I dip my gleaming, varnished blades into the shimmer and pull for the weathered pier at the foot of the village.

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In my early 20s I took six months off from my educational pursuits to work for an outfitter and guest ranch operation near Glacier National Park in Montana. Among the many “characters” I met along the way was Reno Baldwin, who ran whitewater rafting and fishing trips on the Flathead River. Along with inflatable rafts and kayaks, Reno had a couple of rowing dories used in the rough waters of the Flathead, also called drift boats. One of my few regrets of that time was not taking a river trip with Reno (sounds like a vacation opportunity!) but I found the boats fascinating. I remembered seeing similar boats on the Rouge River while visiting my grandmother in Oregon but I was never able to follow up on my curiosity. A few years ago I came across the same boats in an *Outdoor Life* magazine article. Paul Butler Projects had plans for boats that included a McKenzie River Drift Boat variation called the MiniMac.

The boats, which resemble Banks dories with extreme rocker, are a product of the wild rivers of Oregon. The boats, with modifications to fit local conditions, have now spread to other western US whitewater rivers like the Colorado. Up until recently the sources for studying these boats were lacking or muddled, at best. Even John Gardner (*The Dory Book*) confesses to have been totally ignorant of these boats until the 1980s. Gardner classified these boats as dories, but Chapelle said they are river skiffs. Both have a point. The Wikipedia article on “McKenzie River Dory” has the usual Wikipedia weaknesses, but both of these books are at least referenced in the entry. Contrary to what I expected, Fletcher documents that these river boats are not lineal descendants of the more familiar open water fishing dory, but evolved locally in Oregon to meet the conditions faced by fishermen and guides.

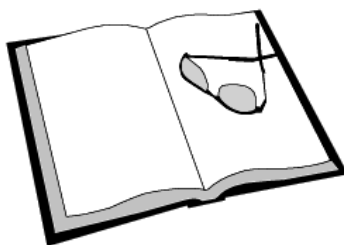
Fletcher’s book is divided into four sections. The first section focuses on the history and development of the boats and details the lives, stories, and personalities of the builders, guides, and fishermen who built and used the boats. Like many workboats, the users were often the builders. The strength and delight of this section is that Fletcher knows

This slim paperbound compilation of nine articles from author Harry Bryan’s series in the magazine *WoodenBoat* is worth a look by folks interested in making their own wood-working and boat building tools. It was published by *WoodenBoat* books in 2009 and cost me \$10 at Mystic Seaport’s bookshop.

Harry describes how to make a range of tools in this volume, running in complexity from a brass bevel gauge and a wood and aluminum pencil divider to a boat builder’s slick and a smoothing plane. The pamphlet concludes with an article on making chain clamps. Some of these tools are essential to all boat builders no matter whether one is working in the traditional or contemporary aspects of the craft, and all can certainly add to one’s skill level.

Of course, one can go out and buy any of these tools. Even slicks are not that difficult to find, the internet makes it easy. But I’ll tell you what, there is a real satisfaction that comes from making and using your own tools. Harry’s pamphlet shows you how to do it, he makes tool-making accessible.

I found the articles well written and easy to follow. That’s not to say that making the more complex tools such as the smoothing plane would be easy, but the author’s description of each step appears easy to understand.



Book Reviews

Drift Boats & River Dories

Their History, Design, Construction, and Use

By Roger L. Fletcher
www.riverstouch.com
Stackpole Books, 2007
www.stackpolebooks.com

Driftboats *A Complete Guide*

By Don Alsup
Frank Amato Publications, 2000
www.amatobooks.com

Reviewed by John C. Nystrom

or knew the actual men and women involved in this history, or their descendants! Rather than the too often thin speculation about the builders and users of historical craft in maritime history, these are often the participants’ own words and their own photo albums of the period, the boats, and the events.

The second section consists of drawings and instructions for building a drift boat. I understand that boats have been built from the book. The third section discusses

model building and includes the most complete series of pictures I’ve seen yet detailing the model construction process. That comparison includes Dynamite Payson’s modeling books, although Fletcher’s approach to modeling follows Payson’s techniques. They should, as Fletcher acknowledges not only his debt to Payson, but talks of their long friendship and correspondence. Payson even contributes a quote to plug Fletcher’s book on the dust cover! High praise from a supposedly dour New Englander. The final section of the book consists of lines and drawings for ten different traditional, historic drift boats. This section, after the background and history of the first section of the book, allows us to enjoy the variations of the boats, and compare how they were adapted over time to varying conditions on different rivers. And frankly, I just love to see drawings of boat’s lines!

Alsup’s book takes an approach focusing on the boater. Both authors acknowledge the contributions of each other to their own thinking and are apparently good friends. Alsup also starts with the history of the boatmen and their boats, short but thorough, but then goes onto contemporary boats, now built in aluminum and fiberglass in addition to wood; what to consider in purchasing a first drift boat; and how to outfit that new boat. Alsup goes on at equal length (still briefly, the whole book is under 100 pages) on using a drift boat and the challenges of running the rapids of western rivers. Alsup advocates a reasonable and safe approach to building experience and river running skills. The last third of the book consists of checklists for equipment, float plans, and passenger briefings prior to a river trip.

Strong points for both books are the photographs, done by boaters themselves, and the diagrams, line drawings, and other illustrations. If you are on a budget, buy Alsup’s book. If you can afford it, though, buy Fletcher’s book as well. It is as beautiful as Gardner’s *The Dory Book* or the Durant’s *Adirondack Guide-boat*. Even if you never see or use a Drift Boat, it is a wonderfully intimate study of a specialized small craft.

Making Hand Tools: *The Harry Bryan* *Workshop Series*

WoodenBoat Books,
ISBN 13: 978-1-934982-02-0;
ISBN 10: 1-934982-02-4

Reviewed by Pete Leenhouts

While a student at the Northwest School of Wooden Boat Building in Port Hadlock, Washington, (www.nwboatschool.org) a few years ago, I learned how to make a wood and brass boat builder’s bevel as one of the first tools we made in the Basic Boat Building Course. I used it all the time in the Contemporary Course I took in 2006. Harry’s bevel gauge will result in a good-looking and fully functional tool. It, and the bent-leg Boat Builder’s Pencil Dividers described in the next chapter in Harry’s pamphlet, are fundamental tools for a boat builder.

Another thing; while it will certainly take a bit longer to make the tools author Bryan addresses in the pamphlet, it’ll cost their maker a lot less than just going out and buying them.

That’s a good trade, in my opinion, especially when one considers that each tool represents another skill added to one’s repertoire. And truth be told, it’s difficult to find a good long-legged woodworking vise, even on the internet.

The slick project is especially intriguing because Harry addresses cutting the blade from an old truck spring, shaping the handle, and heat treating the blade in a simple, quite easy to follow manner. He makes it possible for the aspiring slick maker to go out and make one of these tools, no mean task for a metalsmithing beginner. And he does so in language that presumes no familiarity at all with the process other than the real basics of shaping the handle, and even that is carefully described.

I’d like to see Harry expand this pamphlet in its next printing to include making a wooden jack and smoothing plane in both traditional and modern (laminated) styles. While he’s at it, his perspective on making both convex and concave-soled spar planes, once a staple task for boat builders in the winter, would also be most appreciated. And I’d enjoy following his take on a boat builder’s tee-square.

In summary, this is a good pamphlet, well-written and illustrated, and worth your time and consideration.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Ocean City "Boat" Parade

Saturday evening, July 24, was the time for the annual Nights in Venice celebration in Ocean City, New Jersey. The evening featured a parade of 45-50 boats of all shapes and sizes decorated for the occasion featuring all kinds of non-nautical lights, ribbons, scantily clad adolescents, and lots of loud music. The boats themselves were a good mix of powerboats ranging from 604 commercial fishing vessels to Boston Whaler runabouts. The parade was held on the bay side of the island that makes up Ocean City. It began at about 8:30 and each boat traveled the three-mile route in about two hours.

This year's parade had a real surprise, however. In the midst of a flotilla of yachts and near yachts came Capt Ray and First Mate Carlos piloting something that looked like they built it earlier in the afternoon. A floating dock powered by a small outboard, reminiscent of the upside down, floating kitchen table featured in *MAIB* several years ago. Here it is for all readers to enjoy and, oh, by the way, Ray's and Carlos' "boat" won first prize.

Larry Wenger, Newtown, PA



Adventures & Experiences...

Beanhole Beans a Great Hit

We had a great WCHA Assembly this year in New Hampshire. Our Northeast Chapter Bean Hole Beans were a great hit. We might have to make them again next year at the Assembly at Paul Smiths.

Bob Bassett, Vienna, ME



Information of Interest...

Book Signings

I will be signing my new, self illustrated book, *Landmarks You Must Visit in Southeast Connecticut*, as well as my first book, *The Journals of Constant Waterman: Paddling*,

Poling and Sailing for the Love of It, at the following venues:

2 October: 1-4 at BIG E, W Springfield, MA, SECAPA tent

16 October: 2-4 at E Lyme Public Library, 39 Society Rd, Niantic, CT, (860) 739-6926

27 October: 7 at Temple Emanu-el, 29 Dayton Rd, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-8062

Matthew Goldman, 345 N Stonington Rd, Stonington, CT 06378-1514, (860) 536-1892 home, (860) 912-5886 cell, www.constantwaterman.com, matthew@constantwaterman.com

Opinions...

End of Gardner Workshop

I read your very poignant "Commentary" in the August issue regarding the 40th John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport and, sadly, a glance at the photos on page 14 seems to put paid to it. I collected John's articles from the *National Fisherman* during my salmon and tuna fishing years and wondered at the sense of history and place he gave us for the wherries, peapods, and little clinkers all around us that we took so much for granted. Later, when I was being led towards a career in publishing, it was the chance to write for the same magazine as John that induced me to make the leap (I still treasure my copies of *NF* in which we both appear). I missed him when he died, but the end of the workshop seems sadder still. Though perhaps in his very practical way he might urge us to buck up and move on.

David Rahn, Publisher, *Western Mariner*, W Vancouver, BC

Embrace Life

Embrace our lives we should
While our time on earth is racing,
Racing on up hills, round bends
Toward the journeys end we are facing.
Stop to savour natures treasures,
Those sunsets and sundowns,
We may not pass this way again
For we may not be around.
Mark Steele, Auckland, NZ



Mini Book Reviews...

It's About the Adventure

Presently I am reading *On Celtic Tides* by Chris Duff. I have put it aside for a while because he talks more of himself than he does of the adventure. So I've switched off to reading the Time-Life book entitled *The Whalers* in which the author writes about whaling rather than the inner life of the whalers. Chris Duff's chronicle of circumnavigating Ireland in a kayak sounded promising enough to make for good reading, but his preoccupation with himself just kills it. He might more appropriately have called his book *The Psychology of One Making a Voyage*. I might yet finish his book, but at this point I find his disquisition on himself tedious.

Dick Lafferty, Gainesville, FL

Dictionary for Old Salts and Old Wannabes

Many years ago when I was having a rough time among the rocks and shoals of life, Dr Lou Thayer and his wonderful wife, Jeanne, sent me a humor book on sailing. A *Dictionary for Landlubbers, Old Salts, and Armchair Drifters*, written by Henry Beard and Roy McKie in 1981, is an absolute riot and it should be on the shelf of every sailor in America. It costs \$8 on Amazon, so buy one.

Examples from the book:

Sailing (sa'ling) 1. The fine art of getting wet and becoming ill while slowly going nowhere at great expense.

Cockpit 1. The open area at the stern of the boat from which a sailboat is steered toward the desired destination.

Cocktails 1. The desired destination.

Hazard 1. Any boat over 2' feet in length. 2. The skipper of any such craft. 3. Any body of water. 4. Any body of land within 100 yards of any body of water.

Mizzen 1. Itzy-bitzy mast at zee back of zee boat.

Seabag 1. Canvas sack in which a sailor's gear is carried. 2. Aging mermaid.

My friend and fan club of one, Jeanne Thayer, died a little over a year ago. She shall be, and currently is missed; however, I think of her almost daily since her little gift sits next to my computer and I thumb through it daily with a grin on my face. Trust me ye of nautical bearing! You'll love this book.

Doc Reagan

sailing (sa'ling), *n.*
the fine art of getting wet
and becoming ill while
slowly going nowhere at
great expense.



A DICTIONARY FOR LANDLUBBERS,
OLD SALTS, & ARMCHAIR DRIFTERS
• BY HENRY BEARD & ROY MCKIE •

This Magazine...

Appreciates Help

A lot of thanks to those readers who replied to my request for suggestions for easing my friend's exiting his kayak. A special thank you to Jim Hodges, Mississippi Bob, and Brian Schrader for their detailed suggestions.

Bob McAuley, Woodridge, IL

Messing About in Boats, October 2010 – 5

Minnesota Messabout 2010

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan
Pictures by Bill Paxton

The great annual sailing experience of the Midwest occurred, as usual, the first weekend of June at Lake Pepin and, as customary, it rained. The collection of wooden boats handcrafted with great finesse, skill, and acumen sat forlornly on the beach while the builders sat around campfires and chided the one owner of a production boat from Iowa whose West Wight Potter was accepted reluctantly. That person shall be unnamed herein, however, I would bet the farm you can figure who it was.

Mississippi Bob came down from the Twin Cities with a beauty, as he always does. He proffered many words of wisdom about sewage that floats downstream to Iowa, an anchor rode on the Potter which was 150' in length that seemed to him a bit excessive since all the hog lot run-offs that comprise Iowa's Great Lakes are usually only 6' deep, and that if the lower tier of Minnesota counties were ceded to Iowa it would raise the cumulative IQ of both states considerably. This pot-bellied Hawkeye accepted his comments with the grace an old Navy man can exhibit toward a Golden Gopher Hooligan.

When the rain let up between weather fronts, the wind was enough to make us all run to our respective boats and hoist sails. One particularly beautiful outrigger canoe was the highlight of the event but Mississippi Bob, who sailed in the Potter with me, said that the outriggers were great but if a float went under a wave the natural momentum of the boat would immediately turn it upside down. No sooner had the words left his mouth than the boat turned turtle and jammed a magnificent carbon-fiber mast securely in the Mississippi mud. Bob quickly had me drop the mainsail and crank up a recalcitrant engine to offer rescue potential.

A kindhearted fisherman pulled in his line and came over to assist. His boat with a 250hp motor was just the ticket. A line was secured to the mast and Bob told them to pull sideways or the mast would break. With Bob's knowledge of such circumstances the outrigger was flipped on its beam-ends and towed to the beach. I take back all my snide remarks about fishing boats with big motors.

About that time God unleashed a rain of immodest proportion and we all scurried back to the warmth of the campfires and the plethora of beer that seemed to suddenly appear. The day was spent in discussion of esoteric trivia like which beer is better, Bud or Miller. We then commenced the evening's scrumptious potluck a bit early. Prodigious servings of brats, beans, potato salad, chocolate cake, and beer were just the ticket. A better meal has yet to be found at any other Messabout. The evening was then spent in trying to stay dry, close to the fire, and upwind of each other.

Sunday dawned beautiful, windy, warm, and dry. We all took to the water as quickly as we could. The plethora of PDR boats was a delight to observe. Evidently many of the gang had gotten into building these little racers, and as a Commandment of the Water clearly states: "they started to race each other". These ugly little boxes with sails seemed to be eas-



PDRs in abundance, note interesting split (2-color) sail.

Two new boats finished just in time.



Scarfie



Black Bark



Peep Hen

Transom gangplank.





The promise of a trimaran...

ily built, minimally decorated, hoisting sails of poly tarp or plastic or anything else that could be scrounged, moved with great speed and precision. I waddled along at a more leisurely pace. Read that: "Doc's sailing skills were clearly lacking in the presence of intrepid builders and fine sailors". Mississippi Bob's astute comment seemed apt when he said, "I have always believed that the fun you have sailing is inversely proportional to the boat's size." The PDR guys would totally agree.

We all sailed across the Lake to Stockholm, Wisconsin for an interesting breakfast of Swedish delights at a wonderful restaurant in the tidbit of a town that also offers a spectacular bakery, several antique stores, a candy store, and an Amish furniture store. We all gathered on the veranda for our meal. I always order the paper thin and absolutely delicious Swedish pancakes with loads of bacon and a gallon or two of hot coffee. Even my Finnish wife, who looks on all things Swedish as Mississippi Bob does all things Iowan, loved her pancakes.

After our exhibition of pure gluttony we all headed back to the beach and some great sailing in strong winds. My wife quickly announced to me and God and anyone else within hearing that she was NEVER, EVER going sailing again. She has little confidence in my sailing abilities and the slightest heeling had her grabbing for the handrails with white knuckled and blanched faced fear. Spencer the Perfect Pug, however, slept peacefully in his little kennel in spite of his large doggie life jacket liberally pinned with St. Christopher, Sacred Heart, and Miraculous medals dutifully put there by my semi-Lutheran/quasi-Catholic wife from Finland. I, on the other hand, loved the speed my little *Genny Sea* could attain in the open spaces of Lake Pepin. After many threats upon my life, we finally landed, put the boat on its trailer, and headed south already looking forward to next year.

For the record, several of our usual companions were missing but a few new ones show up. My most favorite boat, *Black Bark*, showed up; several PDRs made their debut; and a new Peep Hen and a Scarfie added to the fleet. As always, the weekend was interesting, adventuresome, and a wonderful treat. Whether I am invited or not, this old Hawkeye and his *Genny Sea* will be back next year, God willing and the creek don't rise.



...and its later catastrophe. Mississippi Bob said, "...outriggers are great but if a float went under a wave..."



Genny Sea at rest (left).



Steve Rice's Bumblebee pram.

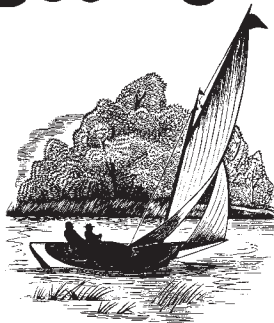
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Lynx



Pride of Baltimore

Oswego, New York, on Lake Ontario, was the site of this somewhat small but very well attended weekend Festival Of Sail. The Oswego Festival of Sail is just one stop of many this year as part of the Great Lakes Tall Ship Challenge. Tall Ships from ports around the country gather in various cities for similar events, some cities with as many as ten Tall Ships. The cities promote commerce and name recognition through the Tall Ship events, and the ships promote their programs, events, and homeport recognition for the ports they sail from

The three tall ships in attendance were of special interest to the lovely and talented Naomi and I. But more importantly, it was a chance to see our friends Susan and Chris Gateley, two notable and accomplished Great Lakes sailors. They are owned by the Tancook Schooner, *Sara B*, the prettiest little schooner you ever did see. 'Tis true!

We were interested to see *Lynx* again because we were in attendance at her somewhat anti climatic launch in Rockport, Maine, in 2001. She got hung up on the end of the giant hydraulic trailer that she was launched from. It wasn't quite high tide when she was finally freed by a couple of tenders and the cheers went up. *Lynx* is a replica of a War of 1812 privateer topsail schooner. Her homeport is now Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Earlier in her career she was on the West

LT5



8 – *Messing About in Boats*, October 2010

Festival of Sail 2010

By Greg Grundtisch



Cathead on *Lynx*.

Coast. She has a variety of educational and seamanship programs, primarily for students. She also takes out paying guests for two hour "sailaways" when she is at the festivals.

Pride of Baltimore II was of special interest to us because, on the many times we have been in and around Baltimore, she was never there, or we would see her far off in the distance on the Bay or covered for winter. We had always wanted to see her up close. *Pride of Baltimore II* is a Baltimore clipper of the 1812 era. She replaced the original *Pride of Baltimore* which sank in a white squall off Puerto Rico. She is the most traveled ship of the Tall Ships. Designed to be fast and somewhat over-canvased for speed, her raked masts are a very prominent feature. Her current degree of rake is about 5-7° less than would have been original.

Unicorn was of most interest. She is a steel hulled ship I had read about while on the road, and wanted to learn more about her due to her unusual background. Built in Holland in 1947, she was made of recycled metal plate from German U-boats. The other unique thing about her is that she has a captain and crew of all females.

We got a special "behind the scenes" tour of the areas off limits to the public due to Susan Gateley's connection with the captain. Susan had spent a week onboard *Unicorn* as crew going from Rockland, Maine, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and now got to reunite with Capt Rachel and some of the crew. Susan asked Capt Rachel, a most personable, capable, and skilled captain, if she

Unicorn



could show Chris, Naomi, and I down below. "Yes, you're one of us, go right ahead," was the captain's reply. Susan took us below to show us the engine room, galley, captain's room, etc, things you don't often see when touring a ship.

Unicorn's program "Sisters Under Sail" has a mission to build self confidence, self esteem and leadership skills, working together as a crew for women and girls. The show's favorite. 'Tis true! She has Capt Rachel as well as a very attentive and informative crew. A feature not often seen in ships of this type is an enclosed helm. *Unicorn* can be steered from inside or outside the enclosure by means of a double wheel. What a great opportunity *Unicorn* offers for women and girls who are interested in sailing and adventure.

The tug *LT-5* was also part of the festival. She is an oceangoing tug built in Oyster Bay, New York, at the Jacobson Shipyard. She was part of the WW II Normandy invasion, ferrying ammunition and supplies across the English Channel. After the war she was renamed *Nash* and returned to the States to work the Great Lakes for 30 years. She is a historic landmark and the last unmodified tug still in operation from the Normandy invasion. Most were scrapped or destroyed. *LT-5* burns 2.5gpm, has a 40,000gal fuel capacity, length 115', beam 28', draft 14'.

Susan was also a guest speaker, giving a most interesting talk about how wooden ships and boats can save the world. Well, maybe not save it completely but work on our little part of it. Something like, things are in a bad fix right now on the lakes but it can still be changed for the better. How about we stop tossing all that crap in the lake and environment while there is still a chance. The pollution all winds up in the water somewhere sooner or later and we all will have to deal with it sometime and at what cost? Think about the Gulf Coast. It's about working together toward a common goal, as a ship and crew does, that would be a benefit for everyone. What are ya waiting for? I'm paraphrasing, but it was along those lines.

Susan's book, *Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake*, is a good example of that.

I highly recommend this book, especially to those who live in and around the Great Lakes. From this book you can also learn how a comet sank a schooner. 'Tis true! To get a copy of *Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of The Lake*, just Google the title. You will get Susan's website at Chimney Bluffs or Barnes and Noble. Susan also has a Lake Ontario Log website on which you can get information about current events and various things that are happening to Lake Ontario.



Susan Gately, "...how about we stop tossing all that crap in the lake..."

The Great Lakes Challenge will be over by the time you read this but the site(s) will have photos and information of where they stopped and information on the next Great Lakes Challenge as well as next years planned stops, both on the lakes and on the coasts.

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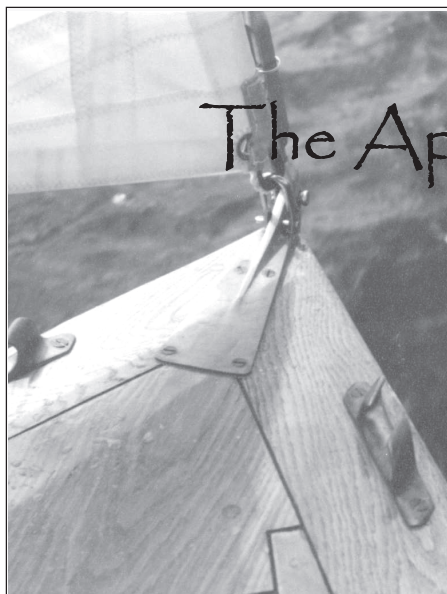
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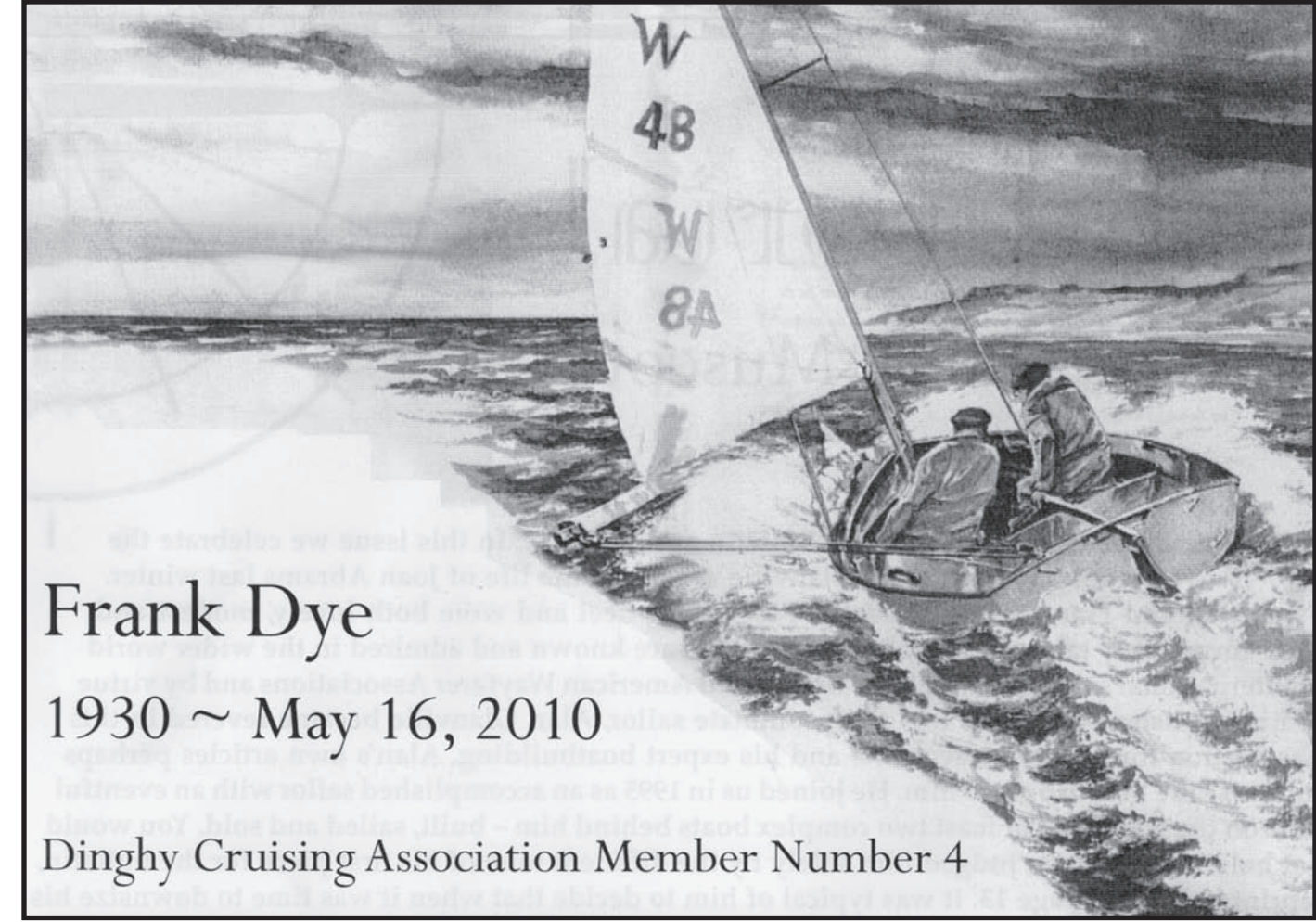
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Frank Dye

1930 ~ May 16, 2010

Dinghy Cruising Association Member Number 4

Johnny Adams, DCA and OpenBoat Webmaster, took his recording equipment along to a Wayfarer Association teaching weekend in 1994. When he asked Frank Dye for an interview Frank insisted that John include Greta Plowman, as he admired the family's cruising history. Piers Plowman had died before Johnny interviewed Frank and Greta and her daughter Polly. Piers had built his own Wayfarer and introduced his family to dinghy cruising. Some of their logs are in the United Kingdom Wayfarer Association Library. The following text has been transcribed from the recording by Keith Muscott. This is the first time it has appeared in print.

Frank: Someone was telling me about you and Piers cruising to Poland and straying into Russia. You were having your breakfast on the beach when the Russian police picked you up!

Greta: This is apocryphal! It was Poland and we followed some big boats in, thinking that they would know where they were going. We all ended up where we were not supposed to be and we were taken to court in Gdynia and fined. I expect that I could tell a few like that about you, Frank! Piers thought that we should make contact with the East. He thought that one day we might cruise to Russia, but that didn't work out. We had a number of nice continental cruises that took us nearer and nearer to Poland, and then we finally made it.

Johnny: What made you interested in cruising in Wayfarers, particularly?

Greta: Inland waterways! In the 1960s people were becoming increasingly worried about the appalling deterioration and neglect

Frank Dye, the Plowman Family and Wayfarer Dinghies

Reprinted from the DCA Bulletin #207

of the British canal system. At first we went everywhere by car, to be shown derelict bridges and so on. We trailed the countryside tracking old canals and joining working parties. Then Piers built a canoe. He'd always done a bit of sailing. He was able to do a bit of sailing as part of his teacher training course, and one day he came home and said, "Wayfarers are the thing!" And then he told me about Frank Dye and I thought, my God! What is he saying? No, no, no, no, no!

Johnny: What was he telling you about Frank?

Greta: Oh, Frank's wonderful exploits. This man who had sailed across the North Sea and had got caught in Force 9s, and had capsized five times. He'd survived, but I thought Piers was meaning this for us! It turned out that he didn't quite mean that!

Frank: He broke you in gently. You sailed from London to Northwich, I understand...

Greta: We have interspersed sea voyages with inland waters, so we went the length of the Kennet-Avon Canal. Several times launched in Bath, then sailed down the Avon into the Bristol Channel, and right round the coast of Wales, in stages over different years,

and right round into the Mersey Estuary. We also did the Leeds-Liverpool Canal. We have sailed up the Lancashire coast to Glasson, and from there up to the Cumbrian coast and across the Solway Firth. We got as far as Tighnabruich, which was Piers's last cruise when he was very ill.

Frank: There's a wonderful story which I think is true and not apocryphal. Greta and Piers sailing up to a canal bridge with the wind astern, so they couldn't stop, sailed right up to the bridge and there was a motorboat coming the other way. Then they dropped the 23' mast, shot the bridge and put the mast up again with the sail already on it. They had to get there first before the motorboat, because first at the bridge has right of way. Just got in the entrance, you see, when this motorboat started coming through from the other side. And they hit it! Bang! Put a hole in the bows of it, pushed it back, then tied off to the bank and went back and said, "What on earth were you doing? It was our right of way."

He said, "I saw you coming, all right, but you'd got that 23' mast up, so I knew you couldn't get through the bridge!"

Polly: I wasn't part of all this, because I'd left home about the time they'd got the boat, and the first trips in the Wayfarer were hell! Torture! Doing ridiculous things with the boat that didn't work, like taking it down through London in a heatwave with no wind whatsoever!

Greta: I have quite exotic memories of that, and a wonderful lock behind Kings Cross where the lock-keeper had an absolute blaze of flowers and vegetables.

Polly: And I can remember as a teenager being deeply embarrassed by other London

teenagers while pulling this boat on a piece of string along miles and miles of London pavement, which is what it amounted to! So I thought they were quite crazy and wanted nothing to do with it. Then they went off and had the most stunning times doing things like sailing through the Swedish canal system, or going around all the Friesian islands, or going off into Finland. But by that time I was out of the picture.

Frank: How did you manage to take all of the kids?

Greta: There were never more than two adults and three teenagers.

Frank: You must have stacked them vertically!

Greta: Piers and I slept with our heads to the stern. Two daughters sardine-like with their heads under that wretched foredeck. You will never have slept there, Frank, and it is hell! I have slept there. It's horrible!

Frank: But discomfort is relative, isn't it? (Laughter)

Johnny: To go to the other extreme, Frank, you've been sailing with just one person, yourself, and you've gone an awful long way in Wayfarer history, I think.

Frank: I always had a crew with me. When I first saw the Wayfarer it filled the engineering specification: if it looks right it is right. And the Wayfarer is a pretty looking boat. It was the only thing I bought without seeing or trying it. I just fell in love with it. In fact I hadn't seen the boat, just the lines, but I was convinced I could cruise in it and I have. I started off with just a little aluminum boat. I'd been working seven days a week building up my own business and I decided I needed half a day on Sundays, so I bought a little aluminum sailing dinghy. I think it would have made a very good cruising boat, but I was self-taught and didn't know anything about it. I happened to be on the starting line of a club race one day in my little ally boat and the Race Officer shouted across, "Get that damned tin boat off my starting line. NOW!"

I was young, so I was very embarrassed about that sort of thing, so I went home and sold it! Then I bought an extreme high-performance racing boat, which was completely unsuitable. Then I fell in love with the Wayfarer and I've stuck with it ever since.

Greta: When did you get your Wayfarer, Frank?

Frank: 1959. It's a long time ago now.

Greta: It is!

Johnny: They only started in '57, didn't they?

Frank: Yes. It's probably the nicest open boat and certainly the best sea boat; the best open sea boat that's been designed. You can do everything with it. You don't have to race, just go out and enjoy it.

Johnny: What about taking it into the more vulnerable areas? You've sailed from Scotland to Norway, haven't you?

Frank: Yes, it's a fairly extreme form of enjoyment in a 16' open boat! But I always had a crew; some very, very good crews. There were only two people who ever crewed with me offshore more than once. John Buckingham, a very careful and competent sailor, and the other one was my wife Margaret, also very competent!

Johnny: You talked before about a level of fear. I would think that there is quite a level of fear when you're in the sort of situation you've got into.

Frank: No. I think you may be distorting what I said. One of my hobby-horses is this respect for the sea. I would never go to sea

with anybody who does not admit to knowing fear. When they talk about respect for the sea they mean fear, basically. You read the poets and they talk about a love for the sea, the romance of the sea; and you listen to radio interviewers who say things like, "They challenged the sea and won!" You don't challenge the sea or win. You come out equal if your luck's in and you don't take risks. You don't win, you just hope you don't lose. That's true, isn't it?

Greta: Yes.

Frank: It's a lonely place. Even with coastal cruising you're very conscious of where you are. I've met people who actually carry two flares, God help them. You get into trouble and no one is going to be looking at the place where you fire two flares. If you cruise as we do you accept the fact that if you get yourself into trouble you get yourself out, don't you?

Greta: Mm.

Frank: And there's a lot of satisfaction in being efficient and competent and not getting into trouble.

Greta: Was it to find out that the boat would do, or what? You and the boat? I mean, going to Iceland and Norway. Absolutely terrifying.

Frank: You're going to ask me why I did it. I don't know. I hate my head going underwater. I panic. Even if it's in a bath, I panic. I do fear water, but it fascinates me. Fascinates me. And the fascination is more than fear. When that changes it's time to give up.

Greta: This American trip you've been doing over these years. I reckon by now you've done more of it single-handed than you did with Marg, haven't you?

Frank: Yes. Marg came with me the first year and we sailed from Florida up the East Coast. We went up to Washington and dropped down the river. We sailed for getting on for 2,000 miles, then she said, "I'm going back. You carry on sailing. Canada is only just around the corner!" Canada on the school atlas she'd been looking at was only 1½" away! It was another 2,500 miles!

Greta: Up to the St Lawrence! And what you've done since then, you see...

Frank: Yes, it's wonderful what you can do with an open boat. It's very personal...

Greta: You keep at it single-handed. I'm more than overjoyed when I hear of these nice human contacts you have on the way. An awful lot of the time you are very literally on your own.

Frank: I sometimes compare open boat sailing to motorcycling. It's very similar. You've got your head out in the open air. You're very much on your own. You're part of the scenery. There's a certain amount of risk with motorcycling. If you meet a car you could come off worse. And you pull into a layby, you get your sandwiches out. You pass the time of day with another motorcyclist going your way and he's pouring out a Thermos and he hands you a cup across. You meet the people, you see the countryside. The moment you put a windscreen in front of you, you're an outcast. You're isolated. Like a yacht, in the cabin.

Greta: I like to have a companion to share in what I'm experiencing. I'm most impressed that you've managed those long, long periods. You have encounters, but you haven't got somebody who's literally knowing what you are doing and experiencing.

Frank: Yes, it's certainly very much easier and nicer with a companion. It takes twice as long to do anything on your own. You've

got less ballast on your own. You can't drive a boat up to windward to reach shelter like you can with two people. You don't keep as good a lookout. But it's still very rewarding. If there's two of you in a boat you're going to enjoy it. You share everything; you share the steering, you share the cooking, you share the navigating. This is right even from the point of view of self-interest, if I go over I want to know that Margaret is capable of picking me up, she may not want to do it! I might be over-insured or something but at least she has the option! (Laughter)

Johnny: Yes, she is a very capable sailor, as you say.

Greta: She's a very remarkable sailor. She really is. Experienced. She has had Frank as a teacher.

Frank: She has the ability of getting people to do things. Whether she's teaching or running one of these rallies. That's something that teachers have and the rest of us don't, Greta. I'm an engineer and a businessman of sorts. I haven't got that facility.

Greta: You have when you're talking about boats, Frank.

Johnny: It is enthusiasm with teachers. When we're enthusiastic about it

Greta: And know about it.

Johnny: There's one phrase I've heard repeated over and over again this weekend when I've been talking to people about Wayfarers, *Swallows and Amazons*!

Frank: I never read *Swallows and Amazons*. Because you see I had never been in any boat until I was about 27. Not a ship, a ferry, anything else. I shall never sail well like the kids do. I'm self-taught.

Johnny: The Wayfarer certainly seems to engender a certain amount of this romantic notion of *Swallows and Amazons*.

Polly: One of the things we've found is the way we've become attached to the particular boat, in the way the Swallows became attached to *Swallow*, and the Amazons became attached to *Amazon*. Ours is a wooden boat and Piers built it, but it's more than that. That brand-new fibreglass Wayfarer over there is lovely, but it doesn't have the same qualities our *Sea Urchin* has. It's utterly loved, and it's scarred and bumped, not pristine and perfect, but it's got a friendly nature. She gets very happy sometimes, and skims and floats, and bounces and bubbles and sings! Makes beautiful sounds.

Frank: A boat is a very personal thing. It's one of the family. Every little bump has a history. One of the nicest things about having a small open boat like ours on a trailer is that we can drive off and be sailing anywhere in the country within 24 hours. Catch a ferry to France. You can't do that with a heavy keelboat.

Greta: The Wayfarer gets to places other boats can't.

Johnny: Thank you all very much. I'm just about to run out of tape!

Greta: I'm not surprised!

For More Information About the DCA

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It was definitely love at first sight. It was the spring of 1963 and *Wanderer* was sitting inconspicuously in a corner of the Earl's Court Boat Show. Tired of milling between aisles of shiny, faceless GRP boats, I decided to escape and spend the second half of my boat show day in a London art gallery. About to leave by a side door, I walked by this wooden, scruffy 16' dinghy. Her varnished decks were salt-crusty and scarred; inside, old stained sails, warps, piles of worn crumpled charts, Wellington boots and anchors lay on her smelly floor-boards.

On the thwarts sat a small dark-suited man reading a book; he barely glanced up as people crowded around the Wayfarer dinghy and he answered questions in a shy diffident manner. The publicity, charts, and route maps told of the offshore voyages of this dinghy. I marveled that so tiny a boat could sail from Scotland to Iceland and across the North Sea to Norway. Eventually, I plucked up enough courage to ask if women crew were ever required. The answer was an emphatic "No."

However, I stayed by *Wanderer* all day, elated by the challenges, toughness, and individuality she and her skipper presented in such an unpretentious manner. By the time I left, I had examined *Wanderer's* every scar, screw, and piece of equipment in rising excitement.

A year later I met Frank again. He was a tutor in an Easter sailing course and I was an elementary student sailor intent on improving my self-taught sailing skills. Although we were born and had lived only 20 miles apart, I had never met Frank, although the headlines that he and *Wanderer* had made on his sailing exploits over the years were well known to me.

"Don't sail with that man; he'll kill you!" said the instructor of my dinghy course after overhearing Frank's invitation to me to crew for him on his Wayfarer the weekend following the course. Fortunately, I didn't even entertain heeding my instructor's advice.

The rest of the season gave me wonderful days afloat in *Wanderer*. I was introduced to day cruising the Norfolk coast and harbours and I marveled at the gentle and sharing qualities Frank showed to a completely green crew. Because of my inexperience, I took for granted that whatever Frank told me to do on his boat was normal procedure, and my learning curve was extremely steep. Since he did not complain when we had to reef and unreef half a dozen times in a day's sail, or pull the dinghy over sandbanks because we had missed the tide, or feel our way into an inlet harbour many hours after I thought I should be soaking in a hot bath, I believed everybody else sailed like this and an 18-hour day was the expected cruise routine.

Over the next few months we talked about sailing to St Kilda for our summer holiday. Each Sunday we pushed out into the frothing tide, and I became familiar with Frank's sea methods, and *Wanderer*, a 16' double-chine wooden open dinghy, became a magical carpet. When we erected the simple canvas tent over the boom, lit the lantern and ate our meal, the materialistic world seemed far away; and no fitted kitchen could have given me half as much pleasure as our small petrol Optimus stove in a plastic bucket with its watertight lid.

On the way to St Kilda we waddled into the boat dressed in more than seven layers of clothes beneath oilskins. I found that washing hair, teeth, or skin was a luxury, fresh water was kept for drinking. One could only carry four gallons on board, and one never knew

My Life with Frank Dye and Wayfarer *Wanderer*

By Margaret Dye
DCA Member Number 5

(Selected from Margaret Dye's Introduction to *Sailing to the Edge of Fear*, by Frank Dye, a book which is dedicated to "the other halves of the partnership:" Margaret and *Wanderer*. Reproduced here by kind permission of the author.)



Frank with the Viking Longship trophy awarded for the best cruise of of each year by a Wayfarer sailor. It is made of Norwegian silver. Frank brought it back from one of his cruises to that country.

(Photograph: *Eastern Daily Press*)

when supplies could be replenished. Surprisingly, I found one's hair and skin seemed to rectify a natural oil balance after several days without washing, and living in the open air, bodily smells were dissipated anyhow. Rubbing skin with meths before a cruise prevented pressure boils.

A year later we married, and towed *Wanderer* down to Devon to share our honeymoon. It was December, and the sailing was good, but never before had I known what it was to be so cold. On the last night, we sailed to a waterside restaurant for dinner. We were dressed in many layers of clothes, and as I struggled into oilskins at the end of our banquet, a fellow diner leaned over to me and said, "I'll drive you home. Let your old man sail his own boat home!" But that night we had the most wonderful moonlit sail down the estuary, phosphorus dancing from every wave, and a silence rarely enjoyed in this noisy, busy world.

I was privileged to crew Frank and *Wanderer* for over 25 years, and the happiest and most hellish times in my life have been spent afloat with them both. Yet, I have no real idea of the compulsions which drove Frank

to continue year after year, to make those wonderful, dangerous, and rewarding dinghy cruises. Thirty years on I finally left *Wanderer* 900 miles into his American cruise. I had lost all joy and willpower, and sadly realised that a devoted partner of three decades was simply not good enough to crew such an amazingly determined seaman with such driving ambition. After that we single-handed our own dinghies and still found dinghy cruising the best occupation, religion, obsession, and pure delight that had come our way.

When this world got too much; when noise, materialism, or sadness threatened to defeat us, we could quickly retreat into our memories and find optimism, fun, and faith in life again, and were ready to plan the next sail.

Luckily, one soon forgets the terrors, hardships, and boredom of long sea passages, and the wonderful memories remain most vivid. Times like flying over the waves, deep-reefed, before a Force 7 wind, sparkling sun, blue waves, white foam, and up on a plane for many hours running along the Outer Hebrides, *Wanderer* going like a train. Times like being enveloped in a warm deep darkness with the constellations sparkling above our heads so brightly that one could almost touch them and pick a star out of the velvet blackness to place on *Wanderer's* decks as we lay anchored off a creek at Ras Al Khymer in the Arabian Gulf separating Arabia from Iran. The starlight patterns on the curling waves, and the plaintive murmur of the prayer call from a far-off mosque set in the distant sands beneath the gigantic mountain ranges, was a night never to forget.

Times like Christmas Day spent in Key West, trying to sail around Florida, where we rushed before a fierce northerly having battled into huge, cold, breaking seas as the gale swept in. "Marina Full" said the notice as we eased *Wanderer* into a crack between two enormous powerboats, and tied her to a palm tree whipping wildly in the rising storm. An hour later, after a rest and a hot shower, we decorated *Wanderer's* tent with cards, balloons, and Christmas roses (plastic!), ate nuts, dug our Christmas cake out of wet bilges, and said that this was the best Christmas Day we had ever known. Later, American yachtsmen collected us, gave us battery "winking" haloes and we joined in the carol singing to each yacht.

Every night after the labours of the day, with the tent secure, we would creep into our sleeping bags, lie down on the floorboards and enjoy our home. "Take a last look," Frank would say as he leaned over and turned out the swinging candle lantern tied on to the boom. Then we'd listen to the night sounds; wind in the mangroves or pine forests, hoot of a night bird, call of the seabird or wolf, until we fell asleep.

I have a sad and sentimental memory too of Frank urging me to "take a last look." After 20 years cruising in *Wanderer*, she was a frail old lady, waterlogged and very soft in places. Frank decided we should give her a Viking funeral on Morston marshes, but somehow Greenwich Museum heard of our plans and asked for our beloved boat. I felt that her old age would be a happy one in the company of other boats and so, one cold Easter, we sailed her down the Thames.

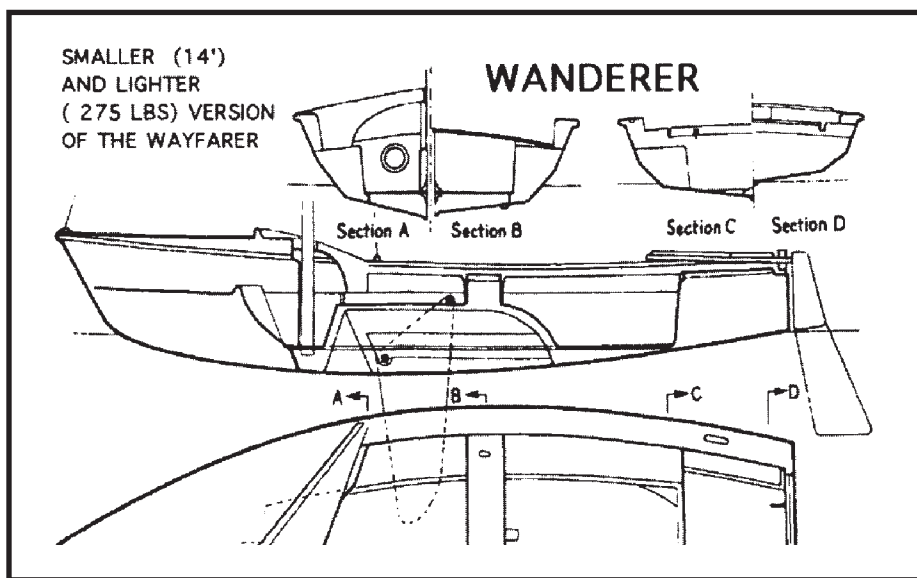
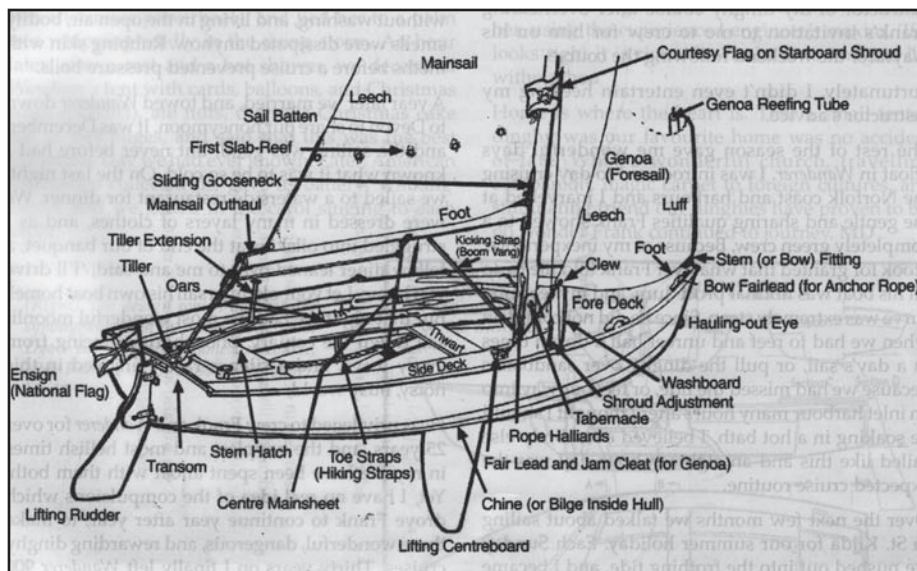
On that last night that we slept on board moored off Greenwich. Frank woke me at dawn with a cup of hot tea. "Take a last look," he said, as so many times before. Outside the tent it was snowing, and *Cutty Sark*

and *Gypsy Moth* stood, silhouetted in the snow flakes in that cold grey dawn. There was great pride that *Wanderer* was to join them, but we were swept away in the sorrow of parting.

We took her into Greenwich wearing our sailing clothes, and were rather surprised to find everybody else was in reception suits and frocks, so we slipped off our smelly rubber boots and did full justice to the elegant buffet lunch. I lost my composure when Basil Greenhithe asked me to make a speech as we gave *Wanderer* away. I wept. He comforted me gently, saying, "A boat is an extension of oneself."

Frank had bought her in 1959 without even sailing her, using the experienced engineer's maxim, "If it looks right it is right." It was hard to imagine life without her.

Home is where the heart is. That a small-tented dinghy was our favourite home was no accident of fate. What a wonderful church, traveling companion, magic carpet to foreign cultures, and stimulating friend our dinghies have proven to be: no wonder Frank continued to journey.



The design which has become synonymous with the name of Margaret Dye, the Wanderer, named, of course, after Frank's ocean-crossing Wayfarer #48.

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Champlain, 400 Years Later

Living in the northeast of the US it was hard not to notice that 2009 was the Henry Hudson as well as the Samuel de Champlain year, if you are interested in boating and early explorers, that is. While Hudson sailed straight north (!) up the Hudson River as far as Troy, New York, in search of the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean (in 1609), Champlain had sailed southwest (!) up the St. Lawrence River as early as 1602, initially with the same goal as his French predecessor Jacques Cartier (in 1534/5).

But Champlain soon changed his focus and put all his energy into establishing trading posts and minimal colonies in the new world. In 1600 the first fur trading post was established in Tadoussac, Quebec, at the mouth of the Saguenay Fjord, about 130 miles downstream from Quebec City (see my trip report in *MAIB*, Jan. 2010). But to be successful, Champlain needed the cooperation of the native tribes along the St. Lawrence River. They unfortunately were in a bitter dispute with the Iroquois nation along the Hudson River and Lake Champlain. And here now begins our story.

To cement his trading treaties with the Montagnai and Algonquin people of the St. Lawrence, Champlain had agreed to help them fight their war against the Iroquois. So in 1609 Champlain and 11 men sailed up the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac to the mouth of the Iroquois/Richelieu River, just a tad downstream from Montreal, where they would join the native warring party. From there they would go straight south for about 170 miles, up the Iroquois/Richelieu River and down Lake Champlain, to about where Fort Ticonderoga sits today. And since Champlain's heavy boats could not make it up the rapids of the river, they transferred to birch bark canoes. Champlain asked for volunteers and got two brave French sailors/soldiers to accompany him - whoopee! The remaining nine stayed with the heavy sailboats and the supplies. And so the war party of 60 men, including the three Frenchmen, set out in 24 canoes.

In order to keep the attack a surprise, they only traveled at night. But Champlain saw enough to comment on the lake and the surrounding mountains, even on plants and a "monster fish" (long-nosed gar) in the water. He liked what he saw and thus named the lake after himself. And if the Champlain Canal to the south had already been built and Champlain had traveled just a bit further, he would have bumped into Henry Hudson coming up from the south - what a historic coincidence that would have been!

The skirmish was decided by two shots fired from the two French guns, followed by

Around Lake Champlain NY/VT

Solo By Sea Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch

the usual cruel burning, looting, maiming and killing, and then another long 170-mile paddle back to their sailboats waiting for them on the St. Lawrence. I wonder what would have happened if Champlain's powder had gotten wet or he and his fellow soldier had missed their target?

In any case, I/we cannot ignore the fact that the whole trip was never designed as a peaceful, exploratory trip, like the one by Lewis and Clark out west (1804-06), and that the peace between the tribes did not last longer than a couple of years. To me, the trip seemed like a very long, risky and cruel venture just to secure trading favors in the Tadoussac area. I am also disappointed that Champlain never returned to check out this big lake by day, at a later date, but rather chose to quest for the real Great Lakes, Georgian Bay off Lake Huron, that is. Many articles written for the quadricentennial celebration tried to whitewash the real intent of Champlain's trip down the lake. I grant you, that's better for tourism, but not historically accurate.

Lake Champlain The Sixth Great Lake?

I had canoed north from Whitehall, New York, into the St. Lawrence and beyond in 1999, but had never paddled around the entire lake, all 276 miles (444 km) of it. And since I like circumnavigations and like the ease of the car shuttle, and needed a break from tide-ridden, far-away coastlines, I decided 2010 was going to be my year on the big lake.

And a mighty big lake it is (about 120 miles long and up to 12 miles wide). On March 6, 1998 President Clinton even declared it to be the sixth Great Lake (see attachment to Senate Bill # 927, National Sea Grant Program). However, its Great Lake's fame was short lived. On March 24, 18 days later, the vote was reversed, doubtless due to the five Great Lakes' unwillingness to share designated federal funding with the "new-comer". But nothing changed the fact that Lake Champlain is still the sixth biggest lake in the US and shares much of the same geological history as the other five lakes.

In May 2010 I hoped the 400-year hoopla of 2009 was over. I had further decided to paddle the lake before Memorial Day, in order to avoid summer boat and

people traffic, so that the lake was as uncongested and natural as possible.

As in 1999 and 2005, the traditional Finch and Chubb Inn at the Lock #12 Marina was again my point of departure, since I was able to leave my car there for the duration of my trip. It was May 18, 2010 as I pushed off before sunrise for my first 7hr (26.5 miles) day to Five Mile Point, 5 miles north of Fort Ticonderoga, the first stop on the "Lake Champlain Paddlers' Trail" heading north.

I had joined this organization because I like the concept of a water trail, I support our Maine Island Trail (MITA) and the Hudson River Water Trail (HRWA), and I needed help finding legal overnight camping spots along the shores of Lake Champlain for my little Eureka tent. I found their Lake Champlain trail guide book quite helpful, but do not think everybody can push 26.5 miles or even more between stops, especially in a group. But then again, not everybody is paddling around the entire lake like I was, but mostly only loops onto it for a few days. I for my part made it around the entire lake without having to pull out on private land or being ousted, a great achievement on a popular lake bordering New York State and Vermont.

My first stop was just what I had hoped for - an almost level seawall of small, flat slate rock pieces off a point of rising shore. It required only minimal landscaping before pitching my tent right there at the water's edge. No portage and no tides to worry about, as I had on my last year's trip down the St. Lawrence to Tadoussac and up the Saguenay Fjord.

Day two started rainy and windy (N 10 knots), but clad in my Gore-Tex suit and hat, I made it fine to the narrows at Crown Point, which have turned into a major construction site. The old bridge is being replaced, and busy pontoon cranes, tug boats and two ferries cross the tight narrows below the old fort, while an over-sized statue of Champlain looks on. And then the wind cranked up in earnest, straight down the lake from the north, with a very long fetch. It blew a good 20 knots, and I had to dance in parallel breaking waves with foam streamers attached.

Once I reached the New York shore at Port Henry, I was tempted to pull out and call it quits for the day, but I eventually clawed my way up along the steep New York shore, ducking behind every point, till I came to Northwest Bay and the even steeper shores of Split Rock Mountain. I had chosen Barn Rock Harbor, another Paddlers' Trail overnight stop. It was again a 27-mile paddle and took me 8 hours, including a few minimal breaks.

This area can be one of the most spectacular along the lake, but with a driving rain and my being stiff and tired from sitting in a

Heading north through Dresden Narrows.



Lunch stop across from Fort Ticonderoga.





Pebble beach on Schuyler Island, New York.



Cumberland Head light, New York.

small, bounding boat for 8 hours, I just set up my shelter, had a belated PB&J lunch and warmed up in my sleeping bag with coffee and cocoa cooked on my little one-burner propane stove right beside me in my tent - and it felt good.

Schuyler and Valcour Islands It Does Not Get Much Better

The fog of the next morning burned off quickly as the sun came up, and a nice SE wind blew me past Essex and across Willsboro and Corlaer Bay to Schuyler Island, another official stop on the trail. The sun was fully out as I stepped ashore at 1:30 p.m. for a late lunch, a swim and some reading and writing my trip log. What a difference a day makes! My 5:00 p.m. safety check-in via satellite phone worked flawlessly as on previous trips, and talking with Nancy for 3 minutes wiped away all pain from the first two days - remember, I just turned 71!

The noisy night-winds in the 7 huge poplar trees I had camped under calmed down almost completely in the morning. It was "A perfect day for banana fish" (remember the J. D. Salinger short story? I never knew what it meant, and I still don't, but it's a memorable title, don't you think?) as I paddled towards Valcour Island, where I stopped for lunch. In 1999 I had spent my fourth night here, so I was half a day ahead of my trip eleven years ago. It made me smile.

I noticed that the mountains north of Port Kent had moved back a bit, and the shore had gotten flatter, inviting lots of vacation homes to crowd right down to the water's edge. But I also noticed that I did not remember this developed shore at all from my previous trip. At first I feared my memory was failing me. And then it came to me: human habitations do not interest me on a canoe trip. I only take them in peripherally and turn my view

towards the open water, the islands, distant peninsulas and the opposite shoreline, i.e. turn towards a cleaner, more natural horizon.

Since the weather was perfect, I headed straight across Cumberland Bay past Crab Island to the point of Cumberland Head, and from there across yet another bay, Tredwell Bay, to Long Point and into Conner Bay. The Paddlers' Guide describes an overnight beach "just north of a rocky point...in a beautiful grove of white cedars..." Well, I had a hard time finding it, not just because Conner was misspelled "Connors". North of the distinct rock outcropping I found a breakwater and a large marina, but no beach and no cedars nowhere, nohow.

So I backtracked, and voila, there it was: a thin stretch of sandy shore line tucked away just south of that rock outcropping, and in front of poplars, cut-leaf maples and a few ash trees; and all that in front of a murky and smelly mosquito pond. (I'll see to it that the guide book will be corrected.) By then I had spent another 8 hours in my boat and was tired, hot and hungry and needed to take care of those needs. By 5:00 p.m. I was a relaxed, normal citizen again, phoning Nancy.

To and Along The US/Canadian Border

The western shore the next morning turned absolutely flat, like a big flood plain. This reminded me of what I had read about the history of Lake Champlain. From about 1,000,000 to 12,000 years ago, a huge Pleistocene glacial icecap covered North America down to Long Island, New York. The weight of the mile-thick ice-shield deflected the earth's crust, allowing ocean water to fill the indentation when the ice finally melted and drained away to the north. Thus for a brief time Lake Champlain became an inland ocean arm off the mighty St. Lawrence, which

explains why fossilized saltwater fishes and even beluga whales have been found in the sediments of the lake. Only Champ, a relative of the Scottish Loch Ness Monster, has not yet been found. So keep looking, folks! :-)

I made it to the Canadian border near Fort Montgomery, but then turned east, towards the Vermont side. Just before I reached the dual bridges, the old, low, broken down wooden one and behind it the elegant, much higher modern road bridge, I felt the pull of the flow out of the large lake into the Richelieu River and the St. Lawrence eventually. It was significant - watch it! However, before I reached Missisquoi Bay (formerly known as Masipskiwibi, but Mrs. Quoi in my lingo) at the top right corner of Lake Champlain, I first had to scoot straight south for 13 miles and then 10 miles up again in a northeasterly direction to get around the long Alburg Tongue sticking out into the lake, like a big nasty tongue, of course. Two overnights later found me at the edge of the Missisquoi

National Wildlife Refuge. South Along the Vermont Side

I then had a wonderful time paddling straight south for 24 miles along the very pretty and mountainous side of Vermont to Sandbar State Park on the route 42 causeway to Grand Isle/South Hero Island. Brilliant sunshine made up for a light headwind, which at least kept me cool. Since it was before Memorial Day and the park was still closed, the resident ranger did let me camp there, after I helped him launch his rowing dinghy and gave him a hand into his boat. A recent hip operation on one leg and knee operation on the other made that hard for him. He was a tough but kind old fellow, and we got along fine. (There is no camping allowed in the park, except for boaters in an emergency; normally day use only.)

Paddlers' Trail site in Conner Bay, New York.



Sandbar State Park, Vermont.





“Marble Dam” north of Colchester Pt., Vermont.



Lone Rock Pt., approaching Burlington, Vermont.

I was glad I was again using accurate nautical NOAA charts, not road or hiking maps, because I had to get through the two dams/causeways to Grand Isle. On my chart both dams showed a low bridge (or opening in the latter dam) near the island. So I opted to follow the SE shore of the island and then paddle south again on the outside of the 3.25-mile long “Marble Dam” to Colchester Point. I enjoyed stunning views both to the west (the New York shore) as well as to the east (the Vermont side), not to mention marveling at the highly unusual slabs of white marble in the dam itself. I noticed bikers on the former railroad dam. So I noted it down in my trip log as a thing to do for the future: take Nancy for a bike ride on “Marble Dam”. It’s the closest thing to paddling this beautiful stretch of lake, and it’s not too far from Burlington.

Big Town Burlington, Vermont

Approaching Burlington wasn’t half as bad as I had feared. The shoreline from the marble dam past the mouth of the Winooski River and around Appletree and Lone Rock Point was quite pleasant, as was the long granite breakwater of the harbor. I refilled one of my two 10-liter water tanks at a convenient marina and paddled on towards the tip of Shelburne peninsula, where I stopped for lunch on a lovely beach filled with stunning black and white striated rocks. Shelburne Bay behind it is one of the oldest natural harbors of the lake, with noble estates from the turn of the century and one of the oldest yacht clubs in the country. I found a secluded pocket beach with a steep shore behind me on the open lake side of this peninsula, not an official overnight stop, which I did not mind sharing with a group of raucous ravens.

Next day took me 24 miles, almost straight south again, past a very pretty and very thinly settled Vermont shore with spectacular views of the opposite western shore of New York, especially the Split Rock Mountain range. I finally pulled out in Arnold Striated rocks on Appletree Pt., Vermont.



Hideaway pocket beach, Shelburne, Vermont..

Bay and wondered what exactly Benedict Arnold had to do with the name. He may have anchored his small fleet of boats here on his way to the battle of Valcour Island in 1776 with the British, or anchored what was left on the way back to Whitehall. :-)

Anyway, I got hammered here also - by a horrendous thunderstorm. I had to hold my tent up from the inside to keep it from buckling. Everything got wet inside, even my sleeping bag. Ah well, it’ll dry tomorrow, me hopes.

The Home Stretch

Another 27-miler straight south, through the narrows at Crown Point and past Five Mile Point to another Paddlers’ Trail site at East Creek, across from Fort Ticonderoga. The portage up the path to the edge of the slanting field, covered by 3-foot high rye grass, did not appeal to me, and I pitched my tent right at the mushy take-out. But I enjoyed a great view of the fort with Mount Independence to my left and a field of bullrushes to my right, while listening to a chorus of catbirds, mockingbirds, cardinals, orioles and many more. Several flocks of Canada geese flew noisily overhead, honking their way along this major north-south flyway. The local geese already had their 4-6 gangly goslings in tow. Thus the migrating flocks must have been non-breeding juveniles, I gathered. At night the bullfrogs were very vociferous.

I had again planned in one wind day for the trip, but since I never felt I needed it, I had a rest day on my hands, since I did not want to drive home to Maine on the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend. This rest day was the hardest day of the entire trip for me. In all my previous trips, I had never taken off an entire day, and only had one severe wind day on the Baltic Sea. Since the weather was fine that morning, I was itching to get going, but I forced myself to sleep longer, have an extra mug of coffee and cocoa and finish reading the two books I brought along. I never took a nap, though. Maybe next year.

My last day on the water was somewhat anticlimactic. It was overcast with a light headwind, and the lake turned more into a tight river, which I already knew. It was Saturday, and only fishermen were out, some

even in those super-fast bass-boats, barely touching the water as they sped along from one bend to the next. I guessed there was a fishing tournament in progress, because everybody seemed to be in a real hurry to get to the right spot, get their lines in the water and watch and reel in their lines - totally mesmerized in their obsession. Only very few noticed me paddling by or said hello. And so ended my trip at the Lock #12 Marina and the Finch and Chubb Inn.

I found my car in perfect order where I had left it, washed my gear and boat, loaded up, took a shower and got dressed up for a celebratory dinner in house. The 370-mile trip home to Maine the next day, on a Sunday morning, was extremely smooth, as I had hoped it would be.

Summary

When I planned this trip I was looking for a break from my usual far-away, tidal ocean canoe trips, and I found just that. Lake Champlain is big, real big in places, and could dish out big waves in a thing over 20-knot winds, especially when it blows from the north or the south. But lake winds only create wind waves, which never get exacerbated by a tidal flow, or worse, a tidal rip. There are also no big swells from distant storms superimposing themselves over the wind waves. When it blows on Lake Champlain, it gets rough in a hurry, but it also calms down quickly. This is the character of wind waves.

Fortunately, the NOAA marine weather reports are extremely accurate in this area, since the weather systems approach over land from the west, where there are plenty of observation stations, unlike Cape Breton Island or Newfoundland in the open Atlantic. Everything is much more predictable on this lake, except for the wild, erratic and noisy Sea-Doos, which have infected even these big waters. So make sure they see you or that you have an air horn handy.

So if you think you cannot handle the wind and waves of this lake at a specific point, get off the water and wait a while. It will get better in a hurry. And one more suggestion: If you do not like developed shore, look the other way, 12 miles across the lake at its widest point, to the 80 islands, significant peninsulas and distant shores. Long stretches of the almost 600 miles of shoreline are steep and natural, without a house in sight. Here and there, though, the shore has been protected from erosion by big chunks of natural rock, often from quarries, ranging from granite to marble. They are the waste product of a former viable industry, cut-offs, culls, broken slabs, often still showing the drilled blast-holes. You get used to that.

All in all a very scenic, enjoyable and predictable 276-mile (444 km) circumnavi-

gation of 25 miles per day (11 paddle days). Thanks to the tireless work of the Lake Champlain Committee, who put out the Lake Champlain Paddlers' Guide, you can now plan your trip with more confidence as to where you will be able to spend the night. I felt welcome on this lake and had fun. I'll be back some year.

Info

NOAA marine charts #14781-14784 (Delorme maps/atlas are OK for the surrounding shoreline)

The Lake Champlain Paddlers' Guide (www.lakechamplaincommittee.org. Free with membership)

H.P. Biggar: *The Works of Samuel de Champlain (Voyages), Vol. 1.* The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1922

Wikipedia (on the web): Basic info on Lake Champlain

Gear

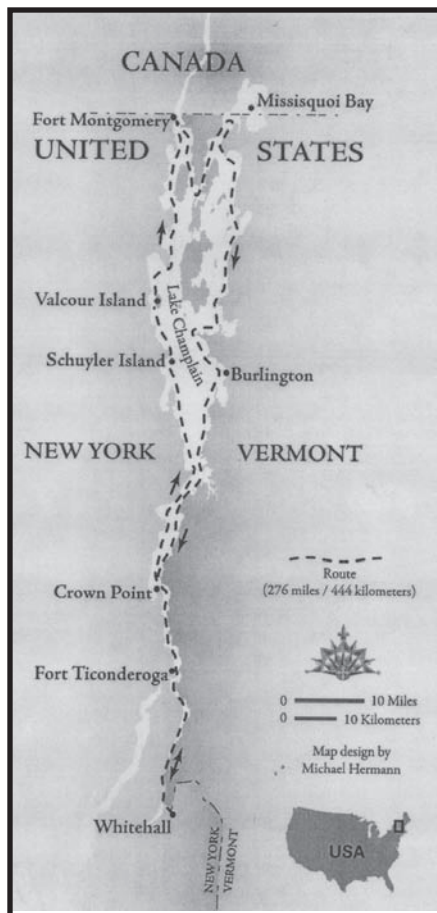
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(This cruise account was published in five parts in the *Model Yachtsman & Canoeist* during 1894. In it Albert refers to cruising in her the “previous year” with only a tent for cover, which makes this his second year of cruising. Based on remarks in the 1892 RYYC lecture, it must have taken place about 1875. The story of Strange’s acquisition of *Dauntless* was published in the *MY&C* in April 1893 and another cruise account with her also published in the *MY&C* of November and December of 1892 and later reproduced in Chapter 12 of the John Leather book.)

There be many things in this world that it is good to possess. Riches, position, fame, and such like vanities give pleasure to the owner of them but one’s first boat, ah, the possession of that gives a healthy young man quite a celestial ecstasy that is never again enjoyed, no matter how large, or beautiful, or fast, or desirable may be the subsequent craft. And if I remember rightly, this delight only lasts one season in all its pristine freshness, it soon gives place to a more sober attachment, “the increasing of knowledge is the increasing of sorrow” as the wisest of men said long ago.

But I remember, oh yes, I remember very well indeed, the intense feeling of delight with which I gazed upon the rejuvenated *Dauntless* (once *Psyche*) when, after a month’s diligent labour with saw and chisel and paintbrush, she rode to her moorings cabined, and clothed with a beautiful new white suit of sails, in all the glory of a black leaded bottom, and scraped and varnished spars.

Robert agreed with me that she looked “fust rate,” but with an irritating absence of positive enthusiasm. It was quite beyond his comprehension why anybody should want a boat at all, unless it was to go a-shrimping in. On my part I wondered how anyone who owned such a masterpiece as the *Eliza Jane* could comport himself with such indifference as he displayed to that lovely creature, and I said so.

“She costs a lot o’ money, ain’t so young as you are. She’s ‘ad four new planks in ‘er bottom this spring, an’ new decks last autumn afore we went stowboating.”

“Well, but Bob, look how she sails,” I remonstrated.

“Oh, sailing!” he snorted, “that’s all you think about. I’d ever so much rather be able to read them ‘ere *Arabian Nights* you brought away, than go sailin’ ennyday.”

We’d had a glorious three weeks the winter previous after sprats, in the old *Eliza Jane* and had a fine old tussle in the dark December night when we were “nailed” as Robert put it, a long way below the Mouse, in a southwest gale and snowstorm, getting into Queenboro after a most tremendous doing with a three reef mainsail in the grey winter’s dawn and during those weeks the *Arabian Nights* was the form of entertainment for spare hours.

However, lack of enthusiasm on Robert’s part didn’t damp my joy, and I anxiously waited for the holidays to commence, so that I could go away again down the wide river towards the sea, but with summer days and nights to do it in, instead of winter ones.

At last the time came, and with a friend, called Val for short, we got underway on July 1 and drifted down with the ebb.

Bob’s numberless exhortations as to procedure in cases of difficulty had all been diligently stored away in my mind. His parting shot was, “Mind yer ‘ave yer anchor allus redly to let go, an if yer don’t know wot ter do, bring up”!

The First Cruise of the *Dauntless*

By “Cherub” (August 1894)
Reprinted from *Jib & Mizzen*
Journal of the Albert Strange Association,

No wind and a shimmering river running with the first force of the ebb, made us take to oars to keep clear of the craft brought up until the bottom of the reach was passed. On we silently drove, down the Lower Hope, and over by the Blyth sands, in no hurry now, and lazily enjoying the first day’s freedom from work. Val was by no means a nautical man and fidgeted about, bemoaning the lack of wind, finally going into the cabin for a snooze. When we had got as far as the Swatchway, the tide was nearly done, and as it was still calm and as we should not be able to proceed on our voyage when the flood came, the boat was put ashore on the spit, and whilst Val was getting lunch ready I foraged around on the sand with a bucket, for cockles, after having a swim.

The anchor was carried out, and we dined with our food, the weather being so hot that eating was a work of supererogation. We rode there all that flood and watched the barges drive past, giving time to make any number of sketches until, at high water about 4pm, a little draught of wind came easterly and we began slowly turning to windward over the ebb. Over on the Cant the wind veered southerly, so that we could just lay our course inside the Spaniard, going very gently and slowly along past the high land of Sheppey, as the day grew cooler, and the sun got lower in the west.

Getting into Whitstable wasn’t possible as things were, so we just went on and on, until at low water and after dark, in a stark calm we let go for the night off Herne Bay, in about a fathom of water, and proceeded to turn in after a gargantuan supper of cockles and bread and cheese, washed down with porter.

I do not know what time it could have been when I was awakened by the movements of friend Val and the boat. It couldn’t have been much more than two o’clock when either the cockles, or the cheese, or the porter or perhaps the motion of the boat, began to disagree with Val and, in endeavouring to make a hasty exit from the cabin, he knocked his head against the roof, with consequences that may be imagined. When he had got outside all right I must have unfeelingly dropped off to sleep again, for later on I was awakened by him calling out to me that it was getting light, and there was more wind, coupled with a request that we should get “out of it” as soon as possible, for he was deadly ill.

Poking my head outside I found a fresh northwest wind was blowing, and in the faint grey dawn the lights of Margate were twinkling away to leeward: The old girl was tumbling and rolling about athwart the tide, in a way to upset most people’s interiors, especially if they hadn’t had a good deal of previous training in a bawley. And I also discovered, to my alarm, that she was making a good deal of water, I could hear it rushing about in her bottom as she rolled.

This was an unexpected part of the programme. A leaking ship, a lee shore and a seasick helpless mate quite robbed the situation of any charms it might otherwise have

possessed, and I confess to a little feeling of something like funk when I came out of the snug cabin into the raw cold air and saw the white tops of the waves being flicked off in the freshening breeze.

But the first thing was to bail out. This, with a large empty meat tin, didn’t take very long as there was really no weight of water in her. Being very shallow in the body a small drop soon showed up, and when I found it, it was not so bad as it sounded and my spirits rose and an attempt was made to set sail. This was not at all an easy matter, what with the wind and the fast rising “lipper” I couldn’t keep my feet on the tiny deck, so after many futile trials to ship the sprit, it had to be given up as impossible, and the sail was to be set “goosewinged” after the anchor had been got, (no very difficult matter this, as it was coming home of itself).

All this time poor old Val was reposing doubled up on the floor of the well incapable of lending a hand even at the yoke lines. It was here that the value of the long yoke line made itself felt, and with reefed foresail, and goosewinged main, we ramped off before wind and sea towards Margate, which fortunately lay dead to leeward, and in a very short time we had covered the few miles that lay between it and us, and had taken up a snug berth close to the wall, and well up the harbour.

Here Val stepped ashore, with his belongings, saying he had had enough of boat sailing and announcing his intention to return home by the next train, which intention he carried out; after having washed and made an attempt to fill up his exhausted interior economy at the Pier Hotel, and I saw him no more. So for the remainder of the trip *Dauntless* and I were tete-a-tete, and it was just as well, for I had now to get the boat about myself, and my education as a single-hander began forthwith.

There was no doubt that the cabin was larger and more comfortable and tidy now Val had departed, but it seemed rather lonely with no one to talk to. So, late that afternoon when the tide, had flowed up to her, I pulled up the floor boards and hunted around for that leak. After having piled the ballast everywhere outside, I only found two or three small “weepers,” which I carefully stopped with Beaumantique, as the author of *Swin, Swale and Swatchway* spells it.

Now the manufacture of this valuable medicament for leaky craft has been, I believe up till now, a deep, dark secret, hidden in the breasts of a small and chosen few. It has never, to my knowledge, appeared in print, but has always been handed down orally from its first discoverer. It seems, that the fulness of time for its revelation to a wondering public is arrived, and I now, with trepidation, lay bare the secrets of the composition.

First get coal tar in sufficient quantity, then some powdered whitening, to which a proportion of cement has been added, and mix into a stiff black putty. (Mem: this operation makes a fearful mess of everything and everybody concerned). Then add a little colza oil and the leak annihilator is prepared. No proportions can be given, the compounding of the ingredients in their proper ratio being really a matter of intuition or genius, depending upon the state of the weather, temperature, height of barometer, etc, etc. The leak having been located, it must be tenderly wiped dry, and rubbed with paraffin if treated from the inside. If attacked from the exterior, it is best to dry the wound by fire, and then the Beaumantique is laid on with a knife,

pressed in tightly, and smoothed over to an artistic finish. It is popularly supposed to last forever, and old fishermen will tell you that it holds the boat together, as it is much stronger than wood.

Then when I had daubed every likely looking crack with the black stuff, I put the ballast back again, shipped the floor boards and felt virtuous. After spending the next hour in removing the traces of the conflict from my person I strolled ashore, and reviewed the town of Margate in its holiday attire.

However delightful a busy, gay, watering place may be to those with congenial companions, there is no doubt that it has a most depressing effect upon the solitary. I wandered up and down the pier, and along the parade all alone, smoking a disconsolate pipe, wondering how the weather would be on the morrow, imagining all sorts of difficulties and dangers, until the loneliness made itself felt so much that even the society of a curate would have been a welcome change. At last I went onboard, cooked some more cockles on the stove, finished off the porter, and turned in to my solitary bed, to be roused some hours later on by the sound of wind and driving rain, and the trembling of the boat in the violent squalls.

I peeped outside, and found the boat was just beginning to float, and a good deal of commotion and shouting going on lower down the harbour. Lights madly waving about added to the mystery of the scene, but gave no hint to me as to the cause of all this noise. So I got back into the cabin again, my small, snug, dry cabin, so luxurious after the tented miseries of last season, and waited for the dawn.

As the tide rose a distinct motion made itself apparent and the rain and wind abated not. When the boat was well afloat I looked out again, and found a gale of wind from the N.W., blowing, and the cause of the row just mentioned was a barge that had run in from outside right amongst a group of craft at the harbour entrance, sinking one and breaking some others adrift. At high water there was quite a respectable sea on, and I got out all my fenders, and looked to my shorefasts.

Then in all the confidence of a right minded person who was free from danger and had done his best to avoid it, I cooked and ate my breakfast indifferently well, wondering what the dickens I should do if a barge attempted to run into me!

All that day the wind and rain continued, but the cabin top remained faithful, and I rested under its grateful shade until midday and hunger arrived together and drove me ashore in search of a meal. In the afternoon I took refuge from my loneliness in the smoke room of a small "pub" frequented by the longshore loafers who poured into my startled ears the account of the previous night's work. Then I bought provisions and got the water jars filled, and longed for a chance to clear out of this desperate spot.

In the evening the wind dropped and the rain ceased, whilst something magnificent in the way of sunsets was going on, and I went onboard in cheerful spirits and made my tea.

But the cheerful spirits were lowered when I found, on sounding the well, that the leaking wasn't very much less, and that the Beaumantique business must be gone through again, at some other place where I could get outside and see to her. Still she was soon bailed out, and it added to the romance of the thing to know that I, like Columbus, Robinson



Crusoe, and other eminent navigators, had a leaky ship added to other dangers of the deep.

Early next morning I was again wakened by noises, but on looking out found that it was only the whelk boats going to work in the roads. They were small craft, quite open, and it occurred to me that if they could go out for a sail after yesterday's gale so could I, and in a very short time we were following them out with a light wind from the north, making the boat go fast enough to more than hold her own with some of them, especially in the short tacking to clear the pierhead.

We ran down in company to the Long Nose Buoy, where they commenced fishing and I kept on towards the Foreland. But here, clear of the tail end of Margate sand there was much more swell, and as the *Dauntless* rose and fell over the backs of the big smooth rollers the crew resolved that it was not the sort of day to make a Channel passage, even with a fair wind, so "bout ship," and we ran back again along the land getting to harbour just in time to save our water a little way up, and to find another single-hander, in a much bigger ship than the *Dauntless* had arrived during my absence. I gazed upon this newcomer with much admiration, as she was a sturdy varnished oak built yawl, very smart and businesslike looking, but our acquaintance got no further than silent admiration.

The prevailing uncertainty of the weather continued all that day, showers and squalls alternating with bursts of sunshine and, as it seemed rather a waste of time to spend the whole of my short holiday at Margate, I resolved, come what might, to get away to the westward and explore the Swale and Rochester River, and arose in the morning betimes to see if a start could be made. The other single-hander had already departed, and I made haste to get away while the tide still held fair, as it was a turn to windward, from Margate to Whitstable, and slow work it was, when high water found me only as far as Herne Bay, where we once more brought up. It seemed easier to work the boat alone than with another hand, for it compelled me to foresee everything, and to get all ready for any emergency, whilst the feeling of solitude that had, for the first day or two, rather spoiled my enjoyment, wore off in the busy efforts to do everything properly.

Still when an old man came off in a boat and asked me if I wanted to go ashore,

I was glad to have a chat with him, although I didn't intend to leave the ship, and so the old boy hung on to the *Dauntless'* rail, and partook of a little liquid refreshment, and muttered warnings about the low state of the "glasses" before he departed and left me to get my late midday meal alone.

Before it was low water the sky to windward grew very nasty looking, all covered with ragged clouds, and about 4pm I got underway, with a single reef down by way of precaution, and reached off towards a group of oyster boats a mile or two away. Just before I reached them, the wind piped up suddenly, and heavy drops of rain began to fall, and, as I sailed close by one of the boats her skipper sung out to me to "take that mains'l off her, it's a heavy squall a comin'." I brailled up sharp, you bet, and let the boat go along easy, when, looking back I saw they were taking their own advice and lowering foresail and threat halliards. It looked awkward for me, if those big 12 ton craft were going to want as little sail as that, and I felt very anxious as I got into my oilskin coat, and waited for the squall to come on; the boat jogging along all right under mizzen and foresail. Presently a big crash of thunder, and swish, a gust of wind that made her heel to the coamings, so sudden was it.

But she soon recovered, and heeling gracefully went along at a fair speed at first, until she was soon stopped by the short angry seas which slopped right across her.

Then came another big crash, making me jump out of my skin almost, it seemed so close, and I made up my mind what to do if any more wind came, or even if it lasted much longer as it was, and that was to down foresail and let go the anchor, according to Robert's last piece of advice.

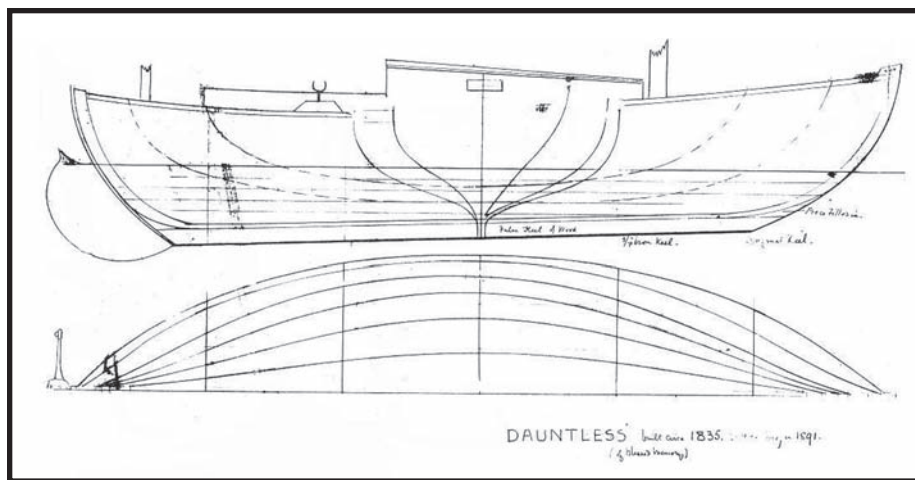
But it didn't blow much harder, although the sky was blacker to windward, and the oyster boats dashed by to windward of me like race horses. Even their tanned sails looked light against the black sky, and I was soon left alone on the short tumbling sea. So I kept on, as well as I could, for ten minutes or so, and then got the boat on the other tack feeling that I had, perhaps, more than enough sea room. Whilst I was pulling the boat round, another crash of thunder went off, followed by a regular downpour of rain. Well, it was something more than rain, it came down in buckets full and in the middle of it all the wind almost dropped entirely.

It seemed very good and peaceful that night to rest in the quiet waters of the Swale, and I felt very proud and thankful at having got there so well.

Queenborough Swale is an ideal spot for the small cruiser. Quiet anchorages, easy tides, solitude and peace are its characteristics. We cruised about Feversham, Holly Shore, Milton Creek, and finally quaint old Queenborough was our resting place. Although the *Dauntless* was innocent of a chart of the place, it was a simple matter to find one's way about by starting with the first of the flood, when the mudbanks, scored with huge semicircles by barges' leeboards, were plainly visible.

The rain was so furious that it hid everything around. Coast, horizon, oyster boats and all were blotted out; for about 20 minutes of extreme anxiety for me, and then, almost as suddenly as it came, the storm passed over, and a sparkling breeze came away from the old quarter NNW, and I could just fetch clear of Whitstable Street, and into the sheltered waters of the Swale, where in less than an hour we were brought up at anchor, close to the oyster boat that had given me the good advice, and on board which I spent a very pleasant evening.

One curious incident I must not forget to mention happened whilst lying at anchor off Hartly Ferry. It was a peaceful evening, everything quiet, and I remember well, how monotonous was the song of a yellowhammer perched on a tree ashore. The hay was heaped into big cocks in the meadows, and I was busily trying to put a patch in the bilges of my working pair of pants, when a curious rushing sound made itself heard ashore, and, looking up, I saw the hay cocks one after the other being whirled into the air. Before many minutes, or perhaps seconds passed, the noise grew louder, and a powerful gust of wind struck the boat, and though all sail was stowed, and everything snug for the night, heeled her, under her bare poles, to the deck edges and



then passed across the reach, spinning up the water in drift as it went. It was an uncanny sort of thing to encounter, even when brought up at anchor, what it would have done had I been under canvas, I trembled to consider.

But the special providence that is commonly reputed to watch over children (and inebriates) doesn't omit the single-hander from its delicate attentions and nothing eventful happened as I sailed on to Strood; proceeding thence to Maidstone of blessed memory, where the *Dauntless* lay peacefully at anchor above the old bridge, now destroyed, little thinking what a dusting she was to get before she got back to her moorings at Shrimptown again.

But the days we had spent together had given me such confidence in her and her ways, that the prospect of danger was exhilarating rather than otherwise, and as the end of my holiday drew near, we ran down the Medway to Queenborough before a strong SW wind and lowering sky, under a double reefed sail, quite cheerfully together and, for those days, when fin and bulb keels were things unknown, at a slashing rate of speed. Dashing once more into the Swale with lee decks awash we brought up in fine style off the quaint old town and the blustering day died away in a symphony of crimson and grey, as I rowed ashore in a barge's boat to buy provisions and replenish my stone jar with good Kentish ale before starting up London River in the morning.

It was a shabby-looking morning when we got underway from Queenborough just on the last of the ebb tide to take us as far as Grain Spit. Had I known what sort of a day it was going to turn out to be, I should very likely have stayed where I was. But with two reefs in my small sail we bounced over the short sea in the Medway and ran past the fort on the Spit. Just as we were entering the Swatchway, the wind, already very strong, piped up, and one or two barges ahead of me seemed to have about as much as they wanted, and lowered their topsails. I began to feel sorry that I had come away but, as is often the case, had no heart to turn back, and kept on in the vain hope that perhaps the elements would be merciful to the little craft, and allow her to get at least as far as Hole Haven. Meanwhile I pulled up my brails, and jogged her along under mizzen and foresail.

With the young flood just making, the little ship got along pretty well, but made so much leeward that I began to fear that we should be blown to leeward onto the sand edge. So I turned in another reef and let her

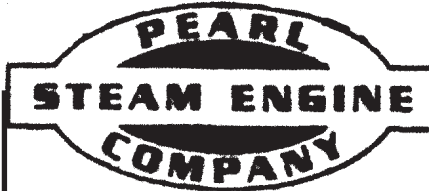
have it with my heart in my mouth and a strong taste of sulphur in my throat as every puff buried her lee side fairly under. I could hardly go back now, as the journey back would be as bad as going on, but I foresaw a dusting, such as I had never had before, lay in store for me. By and by it became necessary to make a board in to land and this time she refused to stay, and had to be pulled round, no easy job, with the drift flying all over me.

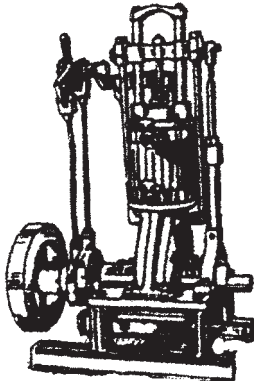
Just ahead was a small light barge, staggering along, driving foam and spindrift from under her lee bow. She was ahead of me a good distance, and she also refused to stay, a most unusual thing and I watched her with some anxiety, for I felt that if she made such bad weather of it, it looked a very poor chance for me. However, she came about at a second attempt, and stood in to the southward, on the same course as myself.

Just before it was time to stay again, I saw the sand to windward of me rise in whirling drift, and on the impulse of the moment, brail up sharp, let go my head sheets and dropped anchor. And none too soon, for the moment it was overboard, the tempest, for tempest it was, fell on us, and blew the foresail away at the tack and halliards at the same time, and it blew away astern. Fortunately one of the sheets fouled and held it, unknown to me, for at that moment I was gazing terrified at the spectacle of the barge which had actually capsized and lay on her side with mast and sail in the water, her crew of two hanging on to her stern and after some moments, managing to get into the skiff towing astern, whilst the barge still on her beam ends, drifted bodily to leeward!

What became of her I never knew, but the crew pulled ashore, as well as they could into Yantlet Creek and I was left tossing about but safely held by my trusty anchor, while the wind howled and the spray flew over me for at least two hours, when a lull came and after anxious consideration, having re-set the foresail, I reached over under foresail and mizzen, into Hole Haven, and shelter.

Next day was bright and sunny, and under whole sail I turned up the river to Gravesend and my first cruise was ended. I have never since lost the confidence gained during this trip in small vessels, snugly canvassed, properly ballasted and decently handled, for estuary work and I am now sheltering in Blakeney Harbour, in a very similar ship which has, so far, carried me safely and well over many miles of sea and river in weather as unsettled and untrustworthy as ever tried the patience of the amateur cruiser.





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I loved to cruise single handed to Fishers Island because it took me on a "sea" voyage across the "wide" and "long" Fishers Island Sound to a landfall I had made many times in the past, but one that made me happy to make again and again. I cruised the northern shore going east many times but was usually hampered by the prevailing summer southwesterly winds, not going over from my mooring in Groton Long Point, Connecticut, but in getting home again against a headwind and, usually, an adverse tide.

In the summer of 1994, when I was 71 years old, I had waited part of the summer for more ideal conditions to make this cruise. The "ideal conditions" for going east were a southeast wind and a tide running west. In that way I could sail close hauled during the first part of the cruise and run home before the wind with a helping tide. I didn't mind bucking the wind on the way out but I wanted an easy trip back when I would be tired and hungry. I wanted to lie back outstretched in the cockpit with the wind at my back, basically letting the boat take care of herself while I nodded every so often in the warm summer sun.

July 12 was just that kind of day. I left the Groton Long Point breakwater at 1000 on a clear sunny day in a Force 4 southeast wind with an apple and Granola bar for lunch. I sailed over to Clay Point on Fishers on one tack. Clay Point is on the eastern approaches to West Harbor where I met lazy Down East cruisers just leaving their overnight moorings. The traffic is pretty heavy during the summer because it is the usual nightly stop for sailors before heading out into Block Island Sound from points west on Long Island Sound.

They were all headed out to the middle of the Sound to go east, but because of my 3' draft I was going to sail the Inner Passage. The Inner Passage is the name I have given to a narrow and fairly shallow inside route going due east past the north shore of Fishers. It is approximately seven miles long and ends up off Watch Hill, Rhode Island. I had not intended to go that far on this cruise. I'd save that for another day. By the way, in the 19th century, a house on Clay Point was on the sailing directions to Fishers Island from Groton Long Point when making the passage to clear Intrepid and Pulpit Rocks in the middle of the Sound.

The inside route is a picturesque and sedate trip past the large and beautiful homes on Fishers Island's north shore. Flags were flying from the flagpoles on the large and beautifully kept lawns and the hired help were trying to keep them that way. However, some of the homes appeared to be unoccupied, which seemed strange to me at this time of year. Occasionally an occupant would be down to one of the small private beaches to either take a swim or launch a small dinghy or kayak. I was close enough to shore to give a friendly wave that was cheerfully returned. By this time of day the temperature had risen and I envied them having a swim in the cool water.

I left black can C-5 off Clay Point to starboard and entered Chocomount Cove, a large but shallow bay with a few homes scattered in and around the mostly wooded shores. It is enclosed by Clay Point to the west and Brooks Point to the east. My course turned to the southeast in a dying wind and I decided to go a little closer to shore where I would anchor. The time had gotten toward one o'clock in the afternoon and I was hun-

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 4

Cruise to Chocomount Cove, Fishers Island, New York

with a Bit of History and Nostalgia

By Lionel Taylor

gry. Off my port bow and over a mile away on Brooks Point was an old, wooden boat-house with a large home behind it. To starboard and fairly close at hand was a smaller dwelling partly hidden in the trees. I dropped the hook in about 14' of water and pulled out my lunch.

Before I ate I sat back and examined the surroundings closer. Not really thinking about it I had anchored not far off the western shore of Chocomount Cove where a famous wreck had occurred 71 years before. It took place exactly on my birth date. The 28th of April 1923 was a stormy day during Prohibition times. Huge waves coming in from the south dashed themselves to foam along the south shore of the island. Further out, beyond Montauk, on Long Island, the waves were still larger. One of these carried away the rudder of the yacht *Onward*, which had been renamed the *Thelma-Phoebe* and she was out of control. First one anchor was lost then another, until the boat drifted helplessly, tossed about by the heavy seas.

At seven o'clock the next morning, she went aground on the western end of Chocomount Beach, on a line between a clump of rocks and the key post of the old Coast Guard patrol. The awful night had been one of horror to all on board, as they were continually wet and expecting to be drowned any minute. When the boat struck, the cook, seizing a mattress, jumped overboard and was drowned or killed on the rocks and his body was picked up later on the beach. The rest of the seven member crew came ashore in a life raft.

The cargo of the *Thelma-Phoebe* was reported to consist of between 2,000-3,000 cases of Scotch and rye whiskies. Many cases were washed from the deck and scattered along the shore, some being salvaged by the Coast Guard and, undoubtedly, some by the residents. What remained in her hull was removed by a wrecking crew who also removed her engine and then, placing dynamite in her bilges, blew her up so that over curious people would not be continually searching her for stray bottles.

There were many stories told about the wreck. A farm boy found a case of whiskey and hid it among some bushes. On his return the next day, when he came to recover his booty, he found it all gone, with many empty bottles lying about. Nearby a soldier lay peacefully sleeping. Hearing the boy approach, the soldier raised his head and remarked, "Little Boy Blue, you've lost your sheep," after which he again dropped off to sleep.

One finder of a case, not being able to wait until he got it home safely, opened it, and after draining a good deal, did not know where

to put the remaining bottles. A light went on in his head and he buried them in the sand on the beach. Then, fearing that he would be unable to find them later, he dug them up and proceeded with great care to rebury them, leaving their necks in sight. Needless to say that upon his return someone had beaten him to them.


One fisherman picked up 27 cases floating east of Watch Hill and received \$1,100 for his day's catch. One of the small boys on Fishers Island had twice found a bottle, but both times had been relieved of it by one of the sharp-eyed Revenue Agents. At last he picked up an empty bottle and, slipping it under his arm, started away. After a chase he allowed the agent to catch him,, much to his own glee and the agent's chagrin.

Stories were also told of how, in the dead of night, people carried their precious findings inland and buried them in hard to find places as did the pirates of old with their ill-gotten gains. In those days, the amount of money rum runners handled was staggering and thousand dollar bills ("Grand Notes") were commonplace. Some skippers of shore bound runners received well over a Grand, while crew members received half for one night's work. One daring skipper would head for the dark beach, throw over a heavy stern anchor, and practically unload on the surf with trucks waiting just beyond the sand dunes. I'm afraid Chocomount Cove was not user friendly to rum runners or sailors alike.

After I put my luncheon utensils away, I prepared to get underway for my trip home. Unfortunately, the wind had shifted into the southwest and had increased in velocity. I went forward to get the anchor up but found that the tension on the rode made it impossible. The line was rod stiff. I'd have to sail the anchor out. This can be difficult when the sailor is single handing and the wind is brisk. There is no one on the tiller to get underway when the anchor is "up-and-down." I wasn't going to raise the jib as it would only be in my way on the foredeck.

I raised the mainsail and went forward to get the anchor up. As the boat moved forward the tension came off the line. I got the anchor off the bottom and "up-and-down" when a gust of wind caught the mainsail and heeled the boat. I almost went overboard but caught the forward starboard shroud and luckily remained aboard. I hustled back to the tiller after getting the sandy anchor on the foredeck leaving it there until the boat leveled out. I waved goodbye to Chocomount Cove as I swung out to the center of the Sound for a brisk ride home.

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Monday, August 11, dawns gray and bleak. I down some coffee and scrambled eggs, then row the dinghy in to the busy *WoodenBoat* School dock. The school runs various charters and sailing classes from here and there is a constant PFD-clad procession going on and off dinghies and launches, headed out to and coming in from an assortment of handsome wooden sailing craft out in the harbor. Notable among them are a couple of austere beautiful Friendship sloops and a Herreshoff ketch, lower and sleeker than the H-28. Then there is a dazzling array of smaller open sailing boats, all of them, of course, made out of wood. The sight of all this is a feast for the eyes and I am reminded of a passage I read somewhere to the effect that when the shape of boats was largely determined by the natural lines which could be bent into wood, almost all boats were beautiful. It was only after the advent of plastics made it possible for man to build any shape he wanted that a lot of truly ugly boats began to appear.

I make my way along the dock, past the boathouse and up the gravel drive leading to the boat building school and the *WoodenBoat* Store. Along the way I pass a large group preparing to launch the sleek wood kayaks they have either built at the school or built at home using *WoodenBoat* plans. Judging by their gear, they are off for some kind of extensive cruise in company. There is a palpable air of excitement and anticipation here, and I admire their spirit in the face of the weather forecast, which is for rain, rain, and more rain.

A little further along, a fellow is fiddling with the gear on an Ian Oughtred designed "John Dory." Since I had built one of these myself a few years back and sailed it extensively before getting involved with *Penelope*, I stop off here for some enthusiastic dory talk. The builder mentions that he finds his boat a bit tender and seems grateful when I mention that I'd had the same problem and solved it with a lead pig wrapped in a towel and a couple of plastic jerricans full of seawater which I used as moveable ballast.

Continuing on, I reach the top of the hill and the *WoodenBoat* Store, which is hard to pass up if one likes boats. Here one finds one of the best selections of nautical books available anywhere, as well as a very extensive collection of boat plans for the wooden boat builder. There is also a small selection of specialty tools, like caulking irons, which are hard to find elsewhere. This is great stuff and always worth the visit. I try to ignore the rest of the merchandise, which is fancy, overpriced yachting wear, and other more or less frivolous and pricey souvenirs. But if selling this stuff helps support the beautiful boats in the harbor and the organization as a whole, I'm all for it.

Normally I do my part by buying lots of books, and I do so again on this morning. A treasury from the *Rudder* magazine, an autobiography of somebody's life in schooners, an account of Nat Herreshoff and his last cup defender... it goes on and on. I am putty in their hands. But given the current weather reports, I am likely to need lots of reading material aboard *Penelope*.

At the register I notice that it has started to drizzle outside. As usual the cashier is stuffing my numerous purchases into a paper bag. It seems odd that while every other bookshop in Maine uses plastic bags, The *WoodenBoat* Store, a large proportion of whose customers

More Single-handed Wanderings in the Engineless Catboat

Penelope

Midsummer Cruise

Part 2

By W.R. Cheney
(Swan's Island, Maine)



Photo by Donna Weigle

come in by water, sticks to paper. I point out the problems inherent in rowing a batch of new books out to my boat in the rain and they eventually come up with a garbage bag.

As I head back down the gravel road to the dock, I note again how manicured and opulent the whole place seems. From the extensive park-like lawns to the impressive mansion where the magazine offices are, it is more like a modern corporate campus than anything else. And this, I suppose, is what it really is. I guess in my heart of hearts I would like it to be something simpler and not so slick, more along the lines of an old-fashioned boatyard. But, whatever it looks like, classic boat aficionados have to be very glad that it exists.

Back on board *Penelope*, I have a short gam with an old boy who is sculling out to a wooden ketch at anchor near by. He wants to know how I reach the end of *Penelope's* boom, which extends a few feet out beyond the transom. I tell him that it is usually not necessary to do so as the reefing pendants are led inboard and can be handled from the cockpit. I do admit that I once lost a nice brass hurricane lantern while reaching way out to hang it from a hook at the very end. He seems pleased with this proof that, just as he thought, my boom is too long, and continues on to his ketch with a contented look.

I get into my foul weather gear and go forward to shorten up the scope on my anchor. My method of sailing off the anchor involves shortening up until I can just feel the length of chain start to lift off the bottom, then raising sail with a lot of sheet let out and waiting until she swings over to the tack I want, then quickly hauling in the rest of the rode, and I am off in my chosen direction. But sometimes, perhaps one time out of fifty, the bottom is such that the anchor does not wait for me but breaks free immediately. Then I must quickly let out scope again and start over. Or, if there is nothing in my way, I can simply pretend this was what I had planned all along and

sail on while leisurely retrieving my anchor. Today was one of those one time in fifty, but there was nothing in our way so we sailed off looking very casual and efficient.

The rain is a fine drizzle, warm on the skin as I head NW and then W to pass between the Babsons and the Torrey Islands and NW again out in the Reach. There is not much wind, just a light zephyr from the SE. There isn't much traffic either, just a few lobster boats plying their trade in a monotone world, gray water, gray shore, gray sky...

I hear the muffled putter of a marine engine behind me and look aft to see yet another wooden ketch coming up from astern. It seems as though two out of every three boats I am seeing on this cruise is a wooden ketch. How many can there be?

As this one draws abreast of us I recognize the old boy who asked about *Penelope's* boom. He is accompanied by a crew of three or four winsome young women in their 20s. For a moment I feel a strong pang of jealousy. How does he do it, I wonder? He is clearly at least as old as I am, a grizzled old dog pushing 70, just like me. Maybe they are his daughters or perhaps a class of novice sailors. Well, I certainly hope so.

They wave prettily and go chugging off into the distance. About now we are passing Center Harbor, which surely must rank as the wooden boat capital of the world. Packed into this small anchorage are massed more beautiful wooden sailing craft than you are ever likely to see anywhere else (the one exception being the annual *WoodenBoat* Regatta which starts and finishes once a year from Brooklin next door).

The anchorage at Center Harbor lies off the Brooklin boatyard run by Steve White, grandson of author and *New Yorker* fixture E.B. White. The yard is as wonderful as the harbor with shed after shed full of classic boats and yachts. The easier ways of an earlier time live on here and a discreet visitor can wander unchallenged through the sheds and take it all in. This in contrast to modern marinas in Northeast and Southwest Harbors and elsewhere where they won't even let you on the docks unless you are paying a slip fee.

E.B. White himself was a lifelong sailor who lived for many years on a farm in Brooklin. His essay, *The Sea and the Wind That Blows* may well be the best short piece ever written on sailing and the sea, how men love it and fear it, and why they can't leave it alone. Find and read it if you can.

We ghost on past Center Harbor and soon find ourselves off the Benjamin River. This is an almost perfectly landlocked harbor, also full of classic wooden boats. One that I used to visit every year was the C.C. Hanley cat ketch *Mollie B.*, which Maynard Bray kept here until recently. Another favorite, still in residence, is the handsome Chinese red 25' Folkboat *Tomahawk*, which was sailed to Cuba and back a few years ago. Less interesting to me, but certainly awesome in her way, is a plus or minus 40-footer aptly named *Yar*. All perfect brightwork and polished bronze, she is so immaculate that it is hard to imagine anyone actually taking her out and sailing her.

Back on the Reach, the breeze is picking up a little and we are encountering the first of a batch of large sloops engaged in some kind of race which seems to cover considerable distance. They appear as tiny specks to the NW and will disappear the same way to the SE. We do our best to give them all the right

of way and are interested to note the various attitudes of the different crews. Some are all grim business and refuse to even look at us as they pass, which seems a bit churlish, particularly in cases where we have taken pains to get out of their way. Others wave. Some offer compliments. Sadly, the friendliest of all, the one brimming with politesse and good will, is also the one struggling along in last place.

All the racers behind us now, we near the Deer Isle bridge. This is an impressive structure which seems way out of place in its surroundings. The architecture and infrastructure in these parts is human in scale, reflecting the rural nature of the area. Coming upon a giant mile-long suspension bridge here is something like encountering a space ship from another planet. The bridge is crawling with workers, part of the nationwide repair and upgrading program which began when an unseemly number of these structures began collapsing due to advanced age and neglect. As I sail under the bridge, the roar of jackhammers and rivet guns rings in my ears, mixing with the crashing and clanking of heavy machinery. I flinch, involuntarily, fearing a large hunk of something may hurtle down on us from so high overhead. It would make for an ironic kind of sailing accident.

Penelope escapes unscathed, though, and we continue in the direction of Bucks Harbor. Some kids in an open 23' or 24' daysailer pass us going the other way, then immediately do a 180° turn so that they are running along behind us about 50 yards back. It looks like they have decided to have a little fun showing up the old gaffer. Or maybe they have just decided it is time to go home. In any case, if they thought they could catch *Penelope* they were mistaken. Soon they and their boat are only a small object in the after distance.

Warm though the persistent drizzle is, I am beginning to feel chilled after a few not very active hours out in the cockpit. I contemplate heading into Bucks Harbor for the night but a look at the forest of masts in there is somehow intimidating. I'm feeling a little tired as well as cold and, for once, the idea of anchoring under sail in a really crowded place is just too daunting to face.

Orcutt Harbor, a long narrow gut running SW-NE with Cape Rosier to the west and a peninsula tipped by Condon Point to the east is just a few more miles along my route and, this is what I like about it today, is described in Taft and Rindlaub (the Maine coast cruiser's bible) as "little used by yachtsmen."

Penelope reaches all the way up into the gut, just over one nautical mile, and I note that if the wind is onshore next day, we will have fun beating all the way out of there with the breeze right on our nose. We anchor right at the head of the harbor, not far from a Bristol fashion 50' sloop on a mooring, the only other boat anywhere near. Indeed, except for five or six yachts moored in a little indentation along the eastern shore about a half mile away, there are no other boats at all. Bucks Harbor, crammed full like a sardine can, only a few miles away and this place with only a lone visitor, me... It says something about the herd instinct in man. I'm not sure what exactly, but I'm glad that it is so.

I quickly realize that, among its other attractions, Orcutt Harbor is home to an astonishing number of ospreys. In my experience, ospreys usually operate in pairs with a centrally located nest and a territory to themselves. But here there are five or six pairs all wheeling around overhead and stooping on

what seems to be an ample supply of fish.

Osprey nests can be quite monumental and are frequently passed down through the generations. There are several on the Maine coast said to have been in continuous occupancy for a hundred years or more. The nest on Pulpit Rock outside Pulpit Harbor is one, and there is another not too far away on a ledge off Oak Hill at the northeast tip of Northhaven Island, which is so big that it could almost be a fortress built for men, not birds. Here at Orcutt Harbor there are any number of birds but I don't see any nests, so perhaps what I'm seeing is a special avian convention.

I am having a wonderful time watching the wheeling, screeching, diving birds, but I am also learning that, along with ospreys, Orcutt Harbor is home to an impressive population of mosquitoes. The wet weather we have enjoyed all summer has upped the mosquito count everywhere. In fact, it has been so bad that the time-honored tradition of "mosquito hour" is no longer in effect. In normal years, when the mosquitoes arrived at an anchorage around sunset, I could button up the boat for an hour or so, then open her up again, confident that "mosquito hour" was over. Not this year. There are mosquitoes before "mosquito hour" and mosquitoes after it. In fact, there are sometimes mosquitoes in the middle of the day in the middle of large areas of water, far from land... But here in Orcutt Harbor it is even worse than elsewhere. Reluctantly, I retreat below and pull the companionway hatch and doors shut behind me.

Leaving the boat open for so long was a big mistake. The cabin is already full of mosquitoes and I am not well equipped to deal with them. For reasons having to do with my reluctance to spend time in a small enclosed space full of poison, I don't carry and won't use insecticides. Thus, my only way of dealing with mosquitoes is to hunt them down one by one, a not very efficient endeavor. Alternatively, I can take to my sleeping bag, pull the covers over my head and cower there, still being bitten by the considerable number of enterprising creatures that manage to get inside with me. This is not a good option now because I haven't cooked and eaten yet, and I have a real day on the water, fresh air type appetite going.

Reluctantly, and in spite of a deep-seated mistrust of the chemical companies (the people who bought us DDT and Agent Orange, after all), I do carry Deep Woods Off or other "deet" formulations and, when in extremis, use them. My current situation qualifies and I proceed to douse myself with the stuff. An uneasy chemical truce established between myself and my winged tormentors, I can cook, eat, drink, and make an early night of it.

Tuesday, August 12, I wake up early to the sound of torrential rain pouring down and crashing on the cabin top. It is a little like being inside a snare drum but I like it, really. It reminds me of when I was a kid and slept in a room with a tin roof overhead. It is about 6am and there isn't much point in getting up yet. Nothing to do outside but get drenched and not much to do inside either but read or listen to the radio. I flick on the weather radio and hear news of record rainfalls moving up the coast. This is going to be the kind of day when my dinghy fills right up to the gunwales and floats only because of the air compartments at bow and stern. I switch to Maine Public Radio and drift off again listening to the world and local news being repeated over and over again as it always is at this time of day.

By 8am I am awake again and restless. I can't sleep all day, although it would be good if I could. The rain is still pouring down undiminished and, peering out one of the port lights, I can't see anything but sheets of water. I pull one of the large wine jugs I use for drinking water out of the bilge and measure out a mugful into my all purpose stainless pot for coffee. Beans go into my German hand grinder from the Lehmann Catalogue (old fashioned stuff for Mennonites and other throwbacks like myself) and grind away happily. Not only will my coffee be better than something out of a can or jar, but I am thankful for these small, pleasant tasks. It promises to be a long day.

The coffee is good. Columbian Supremo, twice as strong as recommended and twice as much of it in my special mug than one would get in a regular cup. Suddenly, inexplicably, I am very happy. It is good to be here in my diminutive boat with the rain pouring down. Good food, good books... we really have everything we need. I find that I am looking forward to the day after all.



The day, indeed, does pass quite pleasantly. There were a couple of short breaks in the weather when I was able to get a little exercise in the dinghy and, for the rest, the books from *WoodenBoat* and my CD player provided ample entertainment. It was cozy and snug aboard as we whiled away the hours in a kind of warm, damp funk.

Because of the rain and the ever-present mosquitoes, I had to keep *Penelope* buttoned right up for most of the time, leaving the interior a little dark and cheerless. To combat this, I fired up a large hurricane lamp as well

as the gimballed kerosene lamp on the main bulkhead. This took care of the cheer department very nicely and provided some warmth, but around nightfall I noticed that droplets of water had started falling from various points on the cabin roof. For a brief moment I wondered if it had rained so hard that rain had found its way right through the solid cabin top, but investigation revealed that the inside of the entire hull and deck was filmed with water. Since it is well known that solid fuel makes for a dry boat whereas oil stoves make

for a wet one, I deduced that the problem was condensation caused by burning the oil lamps in so much humidity. I quickly doused the lamps before all that water started running off into my bedding, books, and supplies.

Lying in the dark I listened to quirky riffs, off rhythms and discords from the inimitable Thelonious Monk blending with the still thunderous rain beating down on deck until I fell asleep. Another early evening aboard *Penelope*.

(To Be Continued)



Our adventures In *Solid Waste* continued for a couple more seasons but the outings became less frequent and *Solid Waste*, like all boats, began to lose her appeal for adventuring and became more of a ho hum, another day on the water type of experience. The thrill was gone.

As winter approached, the bedding down process became more casual. To ensure that no freezing fresh water damaged the hull, we threw several pounds of rock salt into the bilge and propped the bow up higher than the stern with the drain plug removed so any rainwater or melting snow that got through the canvas cover would not gather in a low spot and start a freeze/thaw cycle of destruction of the wooden structure. The engine was given a dose of straight oil in the intake while running so as to coat all the internal parts with a preservative layer of oil. The battery was removed and put in a place where it could survive without freezing. The boat sat in a spot on the lawn that, to this day, retains the scars of draining brine and washed off bottom paint.

Another season came and went and the boat still sat there. It had become obvious that the love affair was over. After a suitable time of contemplation the decision was made to put her up for sale. I have come to the conclusion that all boats should be made with a "For Sale" sign permanently on display, in some cases carved into the hull in a prominent spot, because they will eventually change hands, sometimes for money, sometimes just to make them go away. And it is always one of the two best days in the new/old owners lives when it is sold.

Adventures in *Solid Waste* Conclusion

By Henry Szostek
(Massachusetts North Shore)

I have been around wooden boats for many years and have come to the conclusion that boats are, in fact, objects of desire which, when you have money and the inclination to spend freely, will make you feel good while you are spending it on them, but when you are tapped out of either money or passion they will go and seek another suitor to further sustain themselves. And so it was that the word of a boat for sale wafted to the right ears and a new owner appeared to look her over.

"Yes, the motor ran fine when we last ran it and it was indeed a fine sea boat." "Oh, that trailer is a bit rusty but it served us well." Eventually a deal was struck and a sum was paid. The proud new owner went off to secure a suitable tow vehicle (a constant problem) and returned with a borrowed pickup truck with a matching trailer ball. The time that *Solid Waste* had sat was sufficient for nature to continue her relentless process of returning iron to iron ore and the layers of rust on the axles was quite thick but intact as it sat there. As the truck rolled out of my driveway onto the street with *Solid Waste* in tow, a trail of very large rust flakes marked

their passing, I was relieved to see her go but somewhat apprehensive about them making it all the way to Essex without a structural failure, ten miles more or less. Well, I had the check and they had the boat and it was no longer my problem.

A few weeks passed and I ran into the new owner one day and asked about the boat. "Oh, we had a few problems getting it to the ramp." It seems that the rust had weakened one axle to the point that a wheel fell off about a mile from the ramp but, it being a four-wheel trailer, they continued on and the remaining wheel on that side held up despite having the fender pressing down on it as it rolled along. Despite much smoking it did not burst into flame until the ramp was in sight, at which point the water cooled it down as they backed into it. He had no further need of the trailer as he had procured a slip at a marina in which to keep the boat. He happily told me of his adventures in *Solid Waste* and pronounced her a fine craft indeed and was quite pleased with his purchase.

I would look for her as I passed over the causeway whenever I happened to go that way. For the first season she still retained the name *Solid Waste* but the second season the owner changed the name to *Merganser*, a species of sea duck. It seems that the other residents of the marina took umbrage at the name and badgered him into changing it. I did not see her after the second season with her new name, clearly proof that it is bad luck to change a boat's name.

The End



From Dan: I was shuffling memory chips in quite a different search when I happened upon a series my friend Roger and I took on a gray howling day out on San Diego Bay when we were certainly the only ones doing this sort of an antic. We are in the channel with shoal water on both sides. I am single-handing *Plum Duff* at about 6 knots, balanced on one foot with at least a toe of the other foot doing the steering.

Obviously I am facing backwards and taking Roger's picture in little *Lady Bug* as he gamely holds on in our vortex. Moments ago, I was reading Annie's book about *Fury* and the old skiffies sailing more in a pool of memories, than actual water. Sheesh, nobody was watching Roger and me. Nobody met us at the dock. Nobody knows we did something pretty cool. But, judging from this shot, we did. At least, the boats did.

A couple of these shots show poor sail trim and induced drag from the outboard motor that didn't get stowed, etc. All these pictures were taken while I was alone on a 6,000lb boat while sailing reciprocals, overtaking, and often cutting within a couple feet either ahead or astern to get the best shots. Things like tacking and gybing normally take a couple of people dedicated to pulling the strings and re-orienting the boat.

I have taken a few thousand pictures of other people sailing while my boat sails circles around them, sort of like the cavalry firing from a horse's back where the reins are simply tied together. They were more or less steering the horse with their knees. And so I do it as well. The biggest deal is to account for the relative motion. Sort of like avoiding collision after a football game when everyone is driving random courses and speeds in order to get across the parking lot ahead of everybody else. Or something like that.

And yes, most well-formed sailboats will run with their mid-section nearly immersed. The shape of the hull in profile very nearly emulates the wave train induced by a displacement hull approaching the theoretical maximum hull speed (directly proportional to the square root of the load waterline). That particular hollow in the wave form is a thing of mesmerizing beauty, when one considers all the forces and actions required to come into balance to achieve it. Normally, if you are watching the lee wave propagation, you are not steering effectively and will soon lose what you are attempting to maintain. Also, most boats float on top of the water. So what looks like something sinking is actually more of a rotation about an axis. Hence, the Viking longship (essentially a large, low to the water, open rowboat) form is a remarkably seaworthy boat.

Action on San Diego Bay

An Email Exchange of Opinions

From Dan Rogers



I know. Toooooooo much boatspeak.

From Annie: You guys were really honkin' down the bay. Nice shot, considering the level of difficulty. Would have been a thrilling video, too!

From Mike: I still don't get it. The sky has some blue, the water looks pretty flat, wind has filled the sails, yet the boats are both upright, where's the excitement?

From Dan: The sky has some blue because the chamber of commerce requires it. The water is flat because there is dirt in the way. And it would be hard to hold the camera if the boat went inverted. The "excitement" comes like remembering a casual dance partner who not only keeps her feet from getting stomped, but somehow manages to brush up against you "just so." Of course, it wasn't an accident. But, it's "just a dance," and while you will always remember it, you could never ask her to repeat it.

From Annie: I think ya hadda be there. It's dicey when single-handing and trying to tack back and forth down a narrow channel.

From Mike: I thought you said a narrow channel, that looks pretty wide to me, and yet with all that water to work with the guy practically dips one side of the cabin space into the water, and has to sit on the opposite edge to keep his feet dry. Are you guys sure that's how it's suppose to be done?

From Dan: It's a dredged channel through the effluvium of an early 20th century flood (upstream dam broke) that filled up about half of the South Bay to near drying depth at low tide. The channel was dredged for transport of BART cars that were made there in Chula Vista at Rohr Co along with space shuttle stuff later. The prevailing wind in the area requires a close-to-stall orientation to remain in the channel or between 30 and 50 short tacks about every 20-30 seconds apart to keep from running aground. In the ten years we lived there, I managed to "find" every high spot in the place one time or another (I was sailing a couple thousand miles a year in and out of there.)

Roger isn't the most graceful fellow. And, he's taller than all of us by a head. He's also not the most technically oriented sailor. This is compounded by the fact that I changed everything on that boat several times from the original form until even I have to pause to remember how things are routed, etc. So, for Roger to make the boat go at all is quite an accomplishment. He occasionally gets stuck on the low side because after he has ducked the boom, run the tiller athwart and shifted the jib sheets, he still hasn't shifted his arse.

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On Friday, July 30, a friend and I did a paddle around Manhattan Island. The 34-mile trip took about ten hours. We put in at Liberty State Park in New Jersey and paddled past the Statue of Liberty heading directly for the Battery, hoping to avoid the large volume of commercial marine traffic that seems to increase each year. The first time I paddled home there was the summer 2001 when the Twin Towers were still standing and there seemed to be hardly any "water taxis" on the water. By 2008, when I made the same paddle home with my future son-in-law (a little test) in our 21' double kayak, the taxis had arrived in force. Now it seems they have doubled their presence and, by their speed and unwillingness to deviate from their intended course, they are probably always ten minutes behind schedule and it's every paddler for himself. There were a few times I thought we had put in at Waikiki.

I had charged up my Canon G10 and sealed it in its new waterproof case that's guaranteed for 130', a lot deeper than hopefully I would need. We loaded the kayaks with lots of drinking water and sandwiches as well as safety gear, marine radios, cell phones, and other stuff we hoped we'd never need, and shoved off.

Heading out of the LSP we could see the Statue of Liberty we would be passing on the three-mile paddle across New York Harbor, being careful to keep outside of the prohibited area buoys that surround the island, new since 2001. We tried to keep our distance from the "Statue Cruises" vessels that were packed full and I took a few photos before we pointed our bows toward the Battery. Weather was excellent, mostly clear skies and wind that was a little more than the forecast of 10kts, but we were good to go.

Aside from the wind, the sea conditions in the harbor are a product of the wakes of many vessels, all of which seemed to be at flank speed (at least from a kayaker's viewpoint). Their wakes carry across the harbor and rebound from various bulkheads and make for a pretty confused sea state, there's no one direction one can expect the seas to be coming from. Managing to avoid the Staten island and Governor's Island Ferries we arrived at the Battery a little behind schedule and made our way into the East River, catching a boost from the incoming tide.

Timing the tides and currents are what this whole trip is about. There's no way that we were going to be able to paddle against a 4kt current for very long. Paddling past the heliport was like going past a busy airport, which it is, I guess. We had six helicopters

Around Manhattan in a Day in Sea Kayaks

By Hugh McManus



Formal portrait at Lady Liberty.

pass over us and land in the five minutes it took to get by their dock in lower Manhattan. Trying to paddle and take photos was going to be challenge but the paddle was on a leash and I had to haul it in only once.

Really neat to paddle under the Brooklyn Bridge as well as the other four East River bridges prior to entering the Harlem River. Security is pretty tight and the NYC Marine Police were there to warn us not to get too close to the bridge abutments and the same goes for the various docks, piers and bulkheads along the waterfront. We continued on our way up the East River with about a 2-3kt favorable current, passing the UN on our left and Roosevelt Island on our right with the ruins of the "Smallpox Hospital", built in 1856, on its southern end of what was then known as Blackwell's Island, the only "ruins" in the city having the distinction of being an official landmark. The hospital was designed by the same architect who created St. Patrick's Cathedral, which has weathered the years a bit better. The Roosevelt Island overhead

tram was currently out of service so no photos there. The river current in this constricted area is about 4 knots during peak flood and combined with our paddling efforts, the portable GPS was registering a 7kt speed.

Popping out of the wash cycle at the north end of Roosevelt Island, we were thrown into the spin cycle next to Gracie Mansion and the entrance to Hell Gate. We were scheduled to make a stop at Mill Rock in Hell Gate, have our lunch and wait for the tide to catch up to us and allow us to get into the eight mile stretch of the Harlem River with a favorable current. The current in Hell Gate was a little over 3kts. By going into Mill Rock and heading to the Harlem, we avoided the worst of the Gate.

We enjoyed a 45 minute lunch at Mill Rock, which got its name from the fact that in 1710 a mill was in operation there, not sure what kind but I can only imagine the logistics required there. Later in 1812 the army set up housekeeping there along with a blockhouse and cannons to defend New York Harbor. The mill and cannons have long since left this small island, leaving behind only pieces of rusted iron on the small "beach" there.

We were back on schedule and paddling past Randall and Ward's islands which now, thanks to lots of landfill, are one island with two names. We found that we were early, the tide hadn't decided to enter the Harlem yet and we ended up paddling against a weak current. Passing under the Ward's Island pedestrian bridge we exchanged waves with some folks along the shore and passed under the JFK Bridge (formerly the Tri-Boro Bridge) while still bucking the current. Then we came upon the Willis Ave. Bridge, serving since 1901 and now in the process of being replaced by a new bridge with new approaches. In front of us on one large barge was the new center swing span waiting to be fitted into place. Lots of activities here and, with only one channel open for traffic, we had to be careful, as well as hoping nothing was going to be dropped on us.

Paddling along we passed under the 3rd Ave. Bridge which opened in 1898 and approached the Park Ave. Bridge which carries Metro-North trains in and out of Grand Central Station. As I got closer to the bridge I could hear a train approaching and was able to get the camera up for a photo of the black and orange New Haven and Hartford engine and cars going into the city. A number of other bridges passed by, the Madison Ave. Bridge, 145th Street Bridge and the Macombs Dam Bridge. At that point we noticed

Put in at Liberty State Park



Making our way across New York Harbor towards Manhattan.





Manhattan Bridge over the East River, just before Yankee Stadium that the tide had decided to enter the Harlem River giving us a little boost, which was appreciated.

The next bridge we encountered was the High Bridge, officially known as the Aqueduct Bridge, which has, since 1848, been delivering water from the Croton Reservoir to New York City for drinking and putting out fires. The bridge looks a bit like the Roman Aqueduct system as originally the bridge, 116' high was all built on granite arches, but in the '20s five of the river arches were replaced by a steel span to allow ships to pass under. Passing under a couple of more bridges, including the 1-95 bridge, we arrived at the end of the Harlem River and a stop at "Bare Ass Beach" located on the left just prior to the Spuyten Duyvil (Dutch for "spinning devil") Swing Bridge.

One of our neighbors who grew up in the Inwood District of New York City gave me the lowdown on this beach. Apparently kids (and I guess that included him once upon a time) use to swim there and as the Circle Line boats came by they would toss green apples at them, which would result in the police being called. He assured us that he was never apprehended and still remains a fugitive of

sorts but wondered if there was statute of limitations on those long ago indiscretions. I told him that I thought it was probably safe for him to visit the old neighborhood again. No sooner did we pull into the sand/glass beach when we heard a roar and a cigarette boat entered the river from the Hudson at about 40kts and was out of sight in seconds. Glad we missed that. During our 30 minute break I pulled out my secret weapon, a can of ice-cold Starbucks double shot espresso.

We passed under the Spuyten Duyvil Bridge and into the Hudson River, which had just turned to flow south. Actually the Hudson is tidal all the way up to Albany so again it was a matter of timing for us. The further south we went on the last stage of the paddle, the faster the current pushed us, but even with the Starbucks booster the miles seemed to drag by. Favoring the east shore of the river we passed under the George Washington Bridge, by the Little Red Lighthouse and soon Grant's Tomb and the Riverside Church came into view. The further south we paddled the taller the buildings got and soon we were passing by the *USS Intrepid* and various piers.

Before we knew it we were again up



Queensboro Bridge over the East River.

against the water taxi fleet and what was once a nice stretch of water up by the GW now turned into something resembling a Class 4 rapids. At some point we had to cross over the Hudson to get to the New Jersey side. We waited until we were south of the 40th St. Pier and tried to thread our way between the rush hour ferries. I'm surprised that old Sully was able to find an open spot to put that Airbus down. We did pretty well and managed to get between a few of those ferries and made our way over to the Jersey side. We knew we had arrived there when we saw Snooki and JWOWW waving at us from the dock next to the Goldman Sachs Tower in Jersey City. We paddled past Ellis Island, realizing too late that we inadvertently cut inside of one exclusionary zone buoys, but with no repercussions we continued on our way passing the backside of Lady Liberty, continuing on into Liberty State Park, landing there at about 7pm.

It was a great paddle and I ended up with about 300 photos to sort out. When I regain the feeling in my rear-end I might even think about doing it again... maybe? My wife Louise, who is my usual doubles partner, has already said, "No Thanks!"



Smallpox Hospital ruins on Roosevelt Island.



Wakes from marine traffic were challenges.

Lower Manhattan viewed from the Hudson River.



It was two weeks and one windstorm and flood since son Mike and I had kayaked the dammed up backwaters of Salt Creek. The dam was built in 1852 to provide water-power to run the waterwheel on the still operating gristmill just outside Chicago. It's called Graue Mill, located in Fullersburg Forest Preserve in Hinsdale, Illinois.

My weekly chores done, I planned a quick morning getaway from home and an easy 20 minute drive to the "put in" above the dam. A Canadian cold front had finally arrived and drove all the humidity south. The air was 60° and fresh. The water was low and I was curious as to what damage the flood and wind had done. Two weeks before all the wildlife we saw were one white tail deer browsing on a mud flat, one great blue heron, and a white snowy egret spearing fish in the shallows.

I pulled my Take-Apart wooden kayak out of the van, rolled it across the road and onto the bank. Ten minutes later I launched onto the quiet warm waters with a pleasant 5mph southeast wind. Today the shoreline woods were in full summer green. I was pleasantly surprised as a black crowned night heron swooped low over my head. That was my first sighting of one this year. That was a good start.

As I paddled upstream, I marveled how effortlessly my new kayak cut through the calm water making those neat V waves. The only noise I heard was the sloop sloop of the paddle pulling me against the light current. I skirted the shoreline paddling in the warming 9:30 morning sun and coasting when I reached the cool shade under a tree. I thought it doesn't get any better than this. I was at peace.

At the half-mile mark, there is a pedestrian bridge spanning the 60' creek, built around 1936 by the Civilian Conservation Corps men during the Depression. It consists of several flagstone pillars at intervals spanning the creek supporting the rebuilt wooden superstructure. It was 90% log jammed today! If it was 100% jammed, then I would have taken a short paddle. As I attempted to nudge my way through a narrow opening, I slid up onto an underwater rock and stopped. I was glad my boat building had advanced from fabric kayak bottoms to wood bottoms. No wet pants today! Instead of an instant leak, I just pushed off the rock and moved to the rock's right. A couple good forward thrusts and it was "bye-bye" rock. The big log jam had been caused by that latest storm.

My goal for this morning was a narrow rapid above a small island where I might find a hungry bass. I paddled quickly to pass an open sunny stretch and headed for the left hand 25' wide creek channel to go around the island. There is another personnel cement I-beam type bridge spanning this channel but it was not clogged, but 30 yards beyond, sur-

A June Paddle on Salt Creek

By Bob McAuley

prise! The channel that was clear two weeks ago was now completely blocked by a fallen oak tree lying 90° across the channel. I had seen beaver carvings at the bases of some of those trees in the spring. Do we score one for the beaver or one for the wind?

I retreated back to the main channel and now attempted the 20' wide narrow right hand channel with its faster current. I rounded a strainer and threaded under another fallen tree spanning the creek. Minutes later I came to another fallen tree which spanned the creek 90° creating another raccoon bridge for me to paddle under. Now either the wind did this or the beavers got organized! It made for fun paddling as gradually I advanced on today's goal. An hour had passed and after sighting another black crowned night heron just 20' away, and getting tired, I landed on some muddy shoreline flagstone. I wondered if the CCC put them there also. During my rest and stretch, I demolished a Nature Valley bar and consumed a bottle of Lake Michigan Straight (water).

After the brief rest stop, I boarded my yak and pushed on upstream, occasionally casting the plastic worm for bass. I finally reached the shallow rapids where I just knew a lunker Billie Bass was waiting for me. I'd like to report that I did hook and fight a whopping bass that pulled my kayak upstream several miles including up two waterfalls, but I'd be lying. I did spot the first green heron of the year and that was better than catching that sneaky old bass any day.

I then drifted back downstream, enjoyed threading the needle under those downed trees, and relaxed knowing that the hard paddling was over, or was it? After popping out from the tree-shaded island stretch, I was greeted by a gusting southwest wind in my face so I just kept paddling toward my next goal, the beautifully restored 1936 CCC Boathouse turned museum.



Fullersburg Forest Preserve boathouse, circa 1936 by CCC, now a museum.



Egret enjoying a turtle feast.

The current was of little help and so I paddled along the shore to avoid the occasional gusts. I still made good time despite the wind. One pleasant surprise was the egret that I crept up on in the shallows. It was feeding and I got the binoculars on it and watched it spearing what appeared to be small turtles. As it gulped them down, I swear that turtle food created big bumps in that normally smooth "S" shaped neck! Maybe I had been out in the sun too long! I snapped its picture and paddled through that narrow bridge opening saying goodbye to that rock again. Along the mud flat I spied some killdeer and again the great blue heron. That mud flat is the landing place of errant golf balls from a golf course about a mile upstream. They are semi buoyant and last year alone, we boated over 400 balls. Some balls were many years old.

The last quarter mile was against the wind and into the sun. I had sighted no kingfishers so far this year. I hope they're not stuck in some oil somewhere. I'll search further downstream next time, God willing. Finished paddling about noon. First workout of the day done and McDonalds only 85 yards from the take out. Maybe I've learned to appreciate the simple gifts of life.

Keep paddlin'...



Graue Mill with water wheel powered by Salt Creek at the dam.

Salt Creek Dam.



1936 Salt Creek pedestrian bridge, 100% free of logjam (until July 24 flood!).



Epilogue

Fast forward two weeks: Since that paddle last month, my son Mike and I paddled Salt Creek near sundown just looking for birds. To our surprise, we saw three deer feeding on that mudflat, all the herons from that earlier paddle and, surprise, the belted kingfisher had returned! It flew by us in both directions for a positive ID. I guess it wasn't caught up in that Gulf oil spill after all. One other surprise that evening was the 90% log jammed pedestrian bridge was completely cleared by the hard working Forest Preserve Workers. I've watched them clear that same bridge in the past and it involves a water drawdown at the dam and chainsaw log cutting with waders in the slippery, muddy silt-lined creek bed.

Fast forward to July 24: The Chicago suburbs received over 7" of rain in just several hours time. O'Hare Field reported even more and that's at the headwaters of Salt Creek. Well, guess what? That deluge drained south into Fullersburg, covering the entire island that we would normally paddle around! It uprooted many trees and pushed them downstream, completely log jamming the pedestrian bridge again! When the flood overran the island it heaved that oak tree blocking the left channel and sent it very likely into the pedestrian bridge. I was surprised that the 1936 flagstone abutments supporting the bridge held up to the powerfully hydraulic pressure pinning all those logs against them. They did a good job in 1936.

Launching above that bridge is usually a slippery mess until the creek returns to normal levels. We'll probably wait until the workers clear some of the bridge of the logs. Meanwhile, we'll have to make the high speed drive to McKinley Park 45 minutes away for some peaceful paddling. This park is about 45 miles southwest of Chicago and is part of the Heritage Corridor featuring the Historic Illinois and Michigan Canal made operational in 1848. This was a short-lived link for barging between Lake Michigan and The Mississippi River.

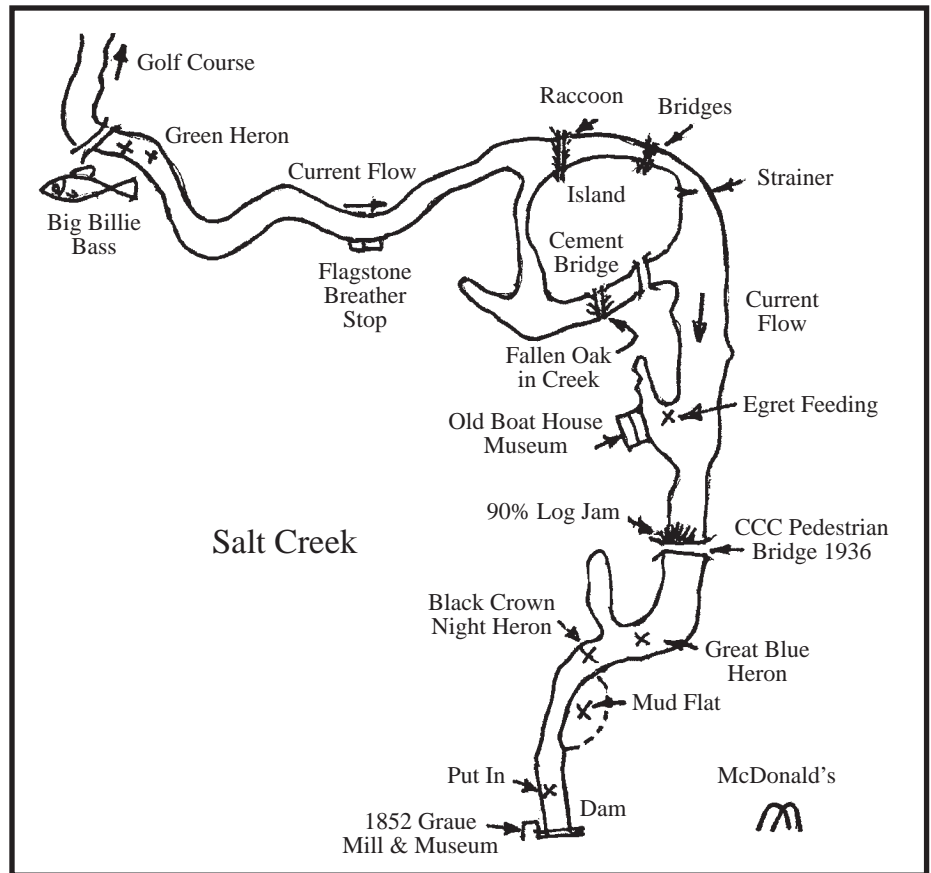
We always have to have Plan B.

Pops and Mike at end of morning paddle.



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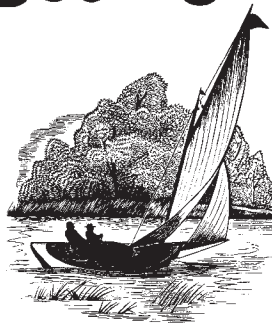
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Despite warnings, I tried to make it across New York Harbor's Lower Bay to my homeport (Brooklyn) before the storm of Sunday, July 25. Well, I didn't quite make it. My boat, just 15' on the waterline, displaces one ton and draws 2' of water. There is a hatch on her after-deck concealing an outboard motor well. With her stubby bowsprit and lapstrake fiberglass planking, she is definitely "old school" and British looking.

After spending the night at an air-conditioned hotel in Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, I decided over morning coffee that I would sail the *Kitty S.* home that day. This despite televised warnings at 9am, thunderstorms in the afternoon, some of which might be severe. My girlfriend and I agreed that almost all the storm warnings in July had been unjustified. After kissing me and wishing me a safe trip, Kathy got into her taxi. She was taking the 9:30am hydrofoil ferry back to New York City.

I'll always be thankful she wasn't with me in the *Kitty S.* on that particular day in July. Despite a beautiful morning sky and light NW wind, I tucked a deep reef in my main. At least one yachtman in the harbor gave me a funny look, but I didn't care. I wanted to be prepared for anything. I wasn't going to try reefing my boat in the middle of a storm.

After a maddening hour long wait at the fuel dock, I got through the opening in the breakwater at 11:30am. I wasn't exactly late for any appointment, it was just that, on July 25, the weather people were expecting storms in the afternoon. My window of opportunity had shrunk. I knew I wouldn't cross Ambrose Channel for another three hours. By 2:30pm the current would be pushing me west towards that dependable landmark, the Coney Island parachute tower.

When I arrived off the tip of Sandy Hook, it looked like every fishing boat in the harbor was there. The stripers must have been running. At any rate, nobody seemed the least bit concerned about the weather. I unfurled my whole Genoa jib to catch the very light breeze from the northwest. In my broad-brimmed hat and sunglasses I ate lunch, veggie cream cheese on a whole wheat bagel and a bottle of Gatorade.

In the next hour and a half the *Kitty S.* motor sailed past Romer Shoal Light and came abeam of West Bank Light. At around 3pm I thought I noticed a certain darkening in the clouds. I pulled off my sunglasses to check. Yup, I was right. I turned on my handheld marine radio.

SQUAWK! SCREECH! These were the kinds of repetitive automated noises I recognized as the overture to an emergency weather report. What an idiot I'd been not to keep my radio on. With a note of desperation creeping into its robotic voice, the radio announced, "A system involving winds of 60mph is moving through the following counties in New Jersey... Seek shelter at once!"

Sure, pal, like I'm really going to find shelter out here. Now Gravesend Bay, Brooklyn, with its mile long Toys R Us sign, became my nearest refuge. Maybe I'd be lucky, maybe the storm would miss Lower Bay completely.

I went below and hastily dogged down most of the portlights. Tossing aside hat and sunglasses, I donned a yellow slicker over my lifejacket and tucked the handheld VHF in a pocket. Topside again, I dropped the teak boards into their companionway slides. Then

Overtaken by a Storm in Ambrose Channel

By Martin Sokolinsky



I buttoned the canvas cover on the hatch. That was about all I could do, I had never bothered to install a lock on it. I furled my Genoa jib completely but left the reefed main up. This proved my undoing.

Essentially, my pocket cruiser is at the mercy of heavy weather. That's because it's impossible to seal the after-hatch while running the outboard. And I might need to keep the motor going for maximum control in this summer storm. Also, a flooded cockpit the size of a bathtub might take six or seven minutes to drain. In a bad sea that could seem like six or seven hours. So, theoretically, a single boarding sea could fill both lazarette and cockpit with 500lbs of water. This much weight could render the small *Kitty S.* highly unstable.

When I returned to the tiller, a stiff wind was blowing and the clouds had blotted out the sun. Raindrops pelted my face. I was then midway between West Bank Light and Swinburne Island, but very quickly dismissed the idea of running the *Kitty S.* ashore on one of those rocky places. I wasn't that desperate, not yet. I headed for the marina tucked inside Gravesend Bay, 2½ miles distant.

Although the force of the NW wind and the incoming tide had raised monstrous seas, I was moving at a good clip, 4-5 knots, motor sailing, and would enter Ambrose Channel within five minutes. But there, passing Norton Point, just a mile north/northeast of me, was a southbound tug pulling a string of coal barges. Meanwhile, a mile in the opposite direction, an inbound freighter was churning up the channel at a good 10 knots. Not one for crossing the bows of large moving vessels, especially during a mid afternoon solar eclipse, I came about and aimed for the rather dubious shelter of Staten Island's south shore.

At 3:45pm the worst of the storm overtook me. Near Ambrose Channel, two miles south of the Verrazano Bridge, the winds (clocked at 45mph) and 6' seas stopped my boat in its tracks. The *Kitty S.* assumed a dangerous list to port. Her motor coughed once

and then died. Without steerageway, the tiller lay uselessly against the lee side. It was as though the rudder were gone.

Casting off the mainsheet, I hiked up as far to windward as I could and clung to the single ^{5/32}" wire rope shroud. If I didn't get the close-reefed mainsail down, the boat would go over on her beam ends. But somehow, with only one free hand, I couldn't release the cleated halyard. Without a moment's hesitation, I picked up the open knife that I kept on the bridge deck. One slash of the blade and the Dacron line parted. The sail came down in a rush draping itself messily over the boom. Almost at once the *Kitty S.* regained an even keel.

Perhaps the furled sails now acted like a storm trysail. I say that because the boat slogged through the waves at a 35° angle to the wind, seemingly hove-to. I spent the next 20 minutes or so clinging to that starboard shroud and waiting for my boat to founder. I was like the black sailor sprawled on the deck of his dismasted sloop in the Winslow Homer painting. 6' waves went hissing by in the dark. Would the next one deliver the knock-out punch? I kept thinking that if the boat went down, I would go on swimming in Lower Bay for hours unless, of course, I had a heat attack first.

It then occurred to me that my boat, with its 15' waterline length, no longer had an operative mainsail. Her tiller seemed completely jammed over to leeward. The motor had stopped, perhaps as a result of immersion or because it was starved of fuel by the list. At any rate, the *Kitty S.* had no steerageway on her. Wouldn't it be fair to say that she was disabled? For the first time in my life, I called for help. I pulled out my handheld radio and pressed Channel 16.

Omitting the distress signal MAYDAY, or PAN spoken three times for a degree of urgency short of distress, I said, "This is the 18' sailboat *Kitty S.* Mainsail carried away and motor dead. In distress."

Within minutes I heard the voice of a young woman, "This is the United States Coast Guard. What is your exact latitude and longitude, sir?"

Hiked out on the windward rail, I answered, "The GPS is below in the cabin. But I make my position to be one mile NNW of West Bank Light and half a mile S of Swinburne Island." I can tell this doesn't satisfy her. For all I know she may be speaking to me from a Coast Guard base in Boston. Then she asks me to switch to channel 9 or 22. I comply while peering ahead through rain and darkness.

Suddenly there's a man's voice on the radio. "Look over your stern," he says to someone. Confused, I keep looking ahead, fearful of ramming somebody else's derelict vessel in the dark.

"We're astern of you."

I look over my shoulder and there's a big white yacht with high fiberglass sides. She's ketch-rigged with a pilot house, a motorsailer. There's a man at the wheel and a woman beside him. Moving fast under power, her sails neatly furled and covered, the yacht comes abeam of me, no more than 50' feet away.

"No, please," I say into the VHF, "Don't try to come alongside. My boat will disintegrate if we hit each other in these waves."

"Not to worry, we'll just circle you. We're standing by you."

"Thank you," I say.

On her stern I read the name *Knot-Work* out of Morgan, New Jersey. Well, if the *Kitty S.* had to go down, I could at least swim to their ladder. Of course, I couldn't see any ladder. They asked me if I had tow boat insurance from Boat US.

"Affirmative. I'm from Gateway Marina in Brooklyn. The tow boat skipper there is Captain Jack Schachner."

With the motorsailer circling me like a mother swan, I felt more embarrassed than frightened. I now relinquished my grasp on the windward shroud. I grabbed handfuls of the Dacron mainsail and started lashing the wet cloth to the boom. Then I descended from my perch on the high side and crouched down in front of the outboard motor. I put it into neutral, pulled out the choke, and yanked the

cord. It began puttering right away. With the boat moving again, the helm responded. Now I could even hold her head up into the wind. Maybe I could run in under the lee of Staten Island and drop anchor in shallow water.

Just then, the *Knot-Work* skipper announced over channel 9, "Sorry, but we were bound for City Island. In order to catch the tide through Hell Gate, we'll have to be leaving you now."

My Good Samaritans leaving me? They were so cool and collected that they probably knew the storm had already passed through. As for me, I couldn't really grasp that the storm was over. But I wished them well and thanked them again. Their only answer was, "Your voice is breaking up so we can't make out what you're saying."

Any notion of going for Brooklyn was discarded. The *Kitty S.* was pushing right along in a choppy sea toward the west-northwest. But the sky was brightening by the minute. Wow, that freight train of a storm hadn't lasted more than 30 minutes. And what do you know about that? I could even see Old Orchard Shoal Light in the distance and then, miracle of miracles, even the skinny iron framework of Great Kills Light.

By 5pm I was making the *Kitty S.* fast at a fuel dock in Great Kills Harbor in broad daylight on a beautifully calm evening. Thank you, perky Coast Guard lady, thank you for sending my guardian angel, *Knot-Work*, from Morgan, New Jersey.

A Folbot Field Trip

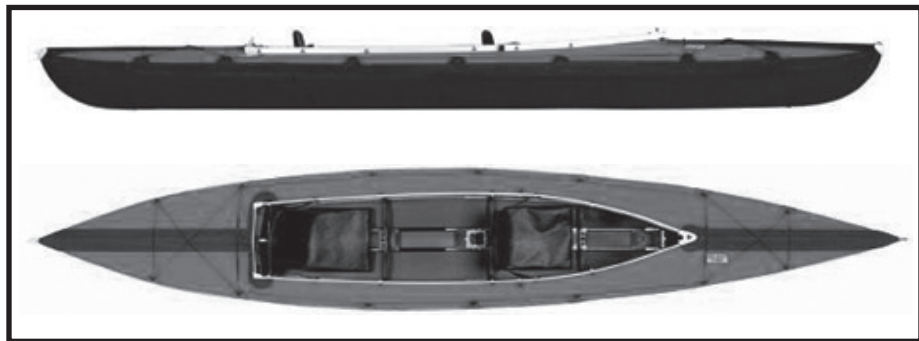
By John C. Nystrom

Those of us "of a certain age" remember small ads in the back of *Popular Mechanics*, *National Geographic*, and other magazines in the early 1960s to 1970s advertising a folding boat, or more accurately, a folding kayak called a Folbot. I am told that these were fairly economical boats that would last a few years and give good service to their owners. I had never seen one of any vintage, except in photographs. Folbots are even mentioned in these pages on occasion. Then I ran into Folbot on the internet at www.paddling.net which is an online "magazine" of sorts for kayak and canoe enthusiasts.

After hitting the link for Folbot and doing a little exploring, it turns out that this isn't Grandpa's, or even Dad's, folding kayak. I also discovered that Folbot is a factory direct sales operation, meaning it has no dealers, and is based in Charleston, South Carolina. This is good fortune for me, as my wife's favorite vacation spot is Edisto Island, South Carolina, just outside of Charleston. We were set to visit Edisto in early June. Folbot's website and newsletter said to give a call if we were in the area and arrangements could be made to try out whichever models we liked in the water. Free time on the water testing a new boat, THIS was my kind of vacation activity.

An email from Folbot said to call ahead a few days to ensure that the guy who takes people out to try the boats would be available; they also mentioned that this guy wasn't an employee. What kind of an operation is this? When I called, the voice on the phone identified herself as "Miss Wanda" and asked me some very relevant questions about my size (at 6'7" and size 15 shoes, I'm not your average size small boater), my actual needs vs preferences in a boat, and my experience. It was obvious that I hadn't called a non-boating receptionist, but someone very enthusiastic and very knowledgeable about the sport and the boats. The "guy" who was to take my son Andrew and I out was named Cliff, and he really wasn't a Folbot employee or salesman. Cliff has owned at least nine Folbots over the years and currently owns five Folbots, all different models.

Folbot presently manufactures eight different models, and Wanda and Cliff were



careful to steer me away from the Folbot products that either didn't fit me physically or didn't fit my boating needs. Cliff, Andrew, and I took a Yukon, an Edisto, and a Greenland II to a nearby boat ramp on the Ashley River to try out. Although my canoeing goes all the way back to Boy Scout Camp and a merit badge, I have only been in a kayak once or twice before, so Cliff not only demonstrated his enthusiasm for Folbots, he proved to be an able kayak instructor for Andrew and me. Andrew has more time in kayaks than I have, but he prefers whitewater rafting and powerboating with friends. Most of my boating revolves around sailing my PD Racer. So what are my impressions, being other than their usual customer, of the Folbot?

To begin with, I'm impressed with the quality and durability of the boats. They are more expensive than most inflatable boats but the quality, warranty, and factory support

appear to be well worth the price. Although inflatable boats have advanced greatly in the past few years, I think the skin-on-frame Folbot has the edge. With proper care the current line Folbot builds should outlast their owners. Is this the solution for every boater? Of course not, every boat is a compromise and every boater still on the quest for the "perfect" boat. I don't anticipate being able to wedge a Greenland II with sailing kit and spray deck into our budget any time soon, but a Folbot may be a good solution for you.

Miss Wanda and Cliff were more than just helpful and I came away a better, more knowledgeable boater as a result. Everyone, from the company owner to the folks in production, was happy to see us visit. If you are interested in Folbot and going to be in Charleston, South Carolina, make the effort to visit, you won't be disappointed. See <http://www.folbot.com/> for Folbot's website.

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The International Scene

Last month, US merchants were still worried whether there would be enough empty containers in the Far East to get Christmas goods in country in time for the holidays.

Researchers working for Parks Canada found the hull of *HMS Investigator*, abandoned and sunk more than 150 years ago after being trapped in the ice at Banks Island's Mercy Bay in Canada's far north. The vessel had been searching for Sir John Franklin's *HMS Terror* and *HMS Erebus*. The *Investigator* stands upright and intact although its masts have been sheered off by icebergs. Its crew had walked over the ice to Beechey Island where they and the crew of *HMS Resolute*, deserted at Dealey Island, were rescued by *HMS Northern Star*, *HMS Phoebe*, and *HMS Talbot*. The north was a busy place in 1853.

With six months to the deadline for continued operation of single hull VLCC tankers, only 53 were operating last month. The others are being changed into bulkers (14), used for storage (nine plus six Supermax tankers), or are being equipped with double hulls (one).

Hmm! Is there really a worldwide depression? Forty-five car carriers arrived at the German port of Bremerhaven in a single week in mid July, twice the normal rate of about 25 such ships. In fact, things were so busy that nine carriers were unable to dock upon arrival. Most of the vehicles were exports to the Far East and the US. Imports were far down as a result of the failure of Germany's cash for clunkers program and the building of car factories in Eastern Europe by Korean and Japanese car companies.

Congress has required that all containers entering the US by 2014 must be 100% scanned at foreign ports but it seems that that would require technologies that do not yet exist, much additional manpower, and the rebuilding of many foreign ports to create a single area through which all cargo would pass.

A massive fleet of vessels supported well shutoff and oil cleanup operations in the Gulf of Mexico after a well being drilled by the mobile drilling rig *Deepwater Horizon* blew out and the rig burned and then sank. The well dumped an estimated 4.9 million barrels (42 gallons each) of crude oil into the Gulf before the well was capped on Day 86 after the blow out. A fleet of nearly 600 skimmers, including a converted supertanker (it didn't work out well), most of the nonprofit Marine Spill Response Corporation's 15 vessel fleet of big skimmers, and local shrimpers towing collection booms from their boom-out outriggers, recovered an estimated 2.9 million gallons of oil.

Many wonderfully designed vessels of many foreign nations work in the Gulf of Mexico energy area because there are not enough American flagged, American manned vessels that can supply the necessary highly specialized services. This came to public attention because of the *Deepwater Horizon* spill and there were demands that laws be changed so only American flagged, American manned, American owned vessels can be used in the US's exclusive economic zone. If enacted, look for severe and devastating impacts on the cost of oil and gas.

The International Whaling Commission met in Morocco and the world's three still whaling nations (Japan, Norway, and Iceland) nearly had enough votes to cause cancellation of the 24-year-old moratorium on commercial whaling. The vote failed because of rev-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

elations that Japan had been providing bribes and babes (openly admitted by the representatives of some small developing nations) and had paid the £4,000 bill for the chairman of the meeting's stay at a luxury Moroccan hotel. The Commission decided to review the Commission's rules and thus provide a cooling off period until the next meeting.

UN peacekeepers in Haiti have been living aboard two cruise ships. The *Sea Voyager* (aka the *Love Boat* among UN staffers) left in May but the Venezuelan registered *Ola Esmeralda* (ex-*Black Prince*) will stay on until the end of August at a daily cost of \$72,500. That rate has been called "outrageous, ridiculous... I'd love to have that contract." The UN's World Food Program selected the ship over four others in competitive bidding because it "was the most cost effective in terms of price per cabin." Others estimated that the ship is generating a cash flow of at least \$29,000 a day.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or nearly sank: Help was quickly sent to the *Khalijia-3* after it reported it was taking on water and sinking off the Mumbai (remember, think of it as Bombay) coast. Its crew of 28 was removed while the Indian Coast Guard's fast patrol vessel *Subhadra Kumari Chauhan* supplied enough pumping power to save the ship and its cargo of coiled steel during a six-hour operation.

Rescuers found the water tanker *Varnak* upside down off the coast of the Kanin Peninsula and nobody, alive or dead. (For the curious but lazy, this peninsula in the northern European part of the USSR separates the northern part of the White Sea from the shallow Cheshkaia Guba of the Barents Sea and gave its name to a class of Cold War Soviet destroyers.)

Ships collided and allided: At Mumbai, the container ship *Chitra* was in violent contact with the *Khljia* and both ended up aground. The *Chitra* was nearly on its side and badly leaking oil and the other vessel was nose-up. The *Chitra* also was periodically shedding containers, which littered the nearby local waters until they sank.

Ships ran aground: Where the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway intersects the Houston Ship Channel, the tanker *Isabel Knutsen* ran aground on mud flats after its steering failed. Initial efforts by three powerful tugs proved useless but the grounding did not affect traffic on either of the busy channels. (For those who have taken a ferry from Galveston to Bolivar Island, the grounding was one-quarter mile east of the Port Bolivar ferry landing.)

The general cargo/container ship *Transport* did grievous damage to its stem and bulbous bow while docking at George Town at Grand Cayman, Antigua and Barbuda. (The vessel operates a regular service between Mobile, Alabama, and the port.)

On the Amazon, the Panamax bulker *Hellenic Star* found it advisable to quickly deviate from its course to avoid a potential collision with an oncoming vessel and so it ran aground and suffered enough damage so that water ingress became a problem. (For

those interested in the economics of vessel operation, this vessel was on time charter at a gross rate of \$23,000 a day.)

Fire and explosion took a toll: An accident at an Alang shipbreaking yard left one worker dead and four others injured. Workers were cutting a scrap piece with a gas cutter near a ship's engine room. Though the fire was quickly brought under control, one man had died on the spot.

In Manila's north harbor, an explosion (cause not specified) set the cargo vessel *West Ocean 1* on fire. Nobody was hurt and the fire was kept from spreading to other parts of the ship.

Improper use of a desulphurizing chemical after a 300,000-ton tanker had finished unloading crude oil caused the rupture of a pipeline near the northern Chinese port of Dalian. The explosion caused a nearby smaller pipeline to burst and together they caused a massive oil spill estimated at about 1,500 tons or 400,000 gallons. One cleanup worker drowned in a pool of crude oil and other workers were reported as using bare hands and chopsticks to scoop up oil.

Humans died or were hurt: A Russian electrical engineer disappeared from the LPG carrier *Summerset* while it was anchored off the shipbreaking beach at Alang in India.

In the Adriatic Sea off the coast of Croatia, a female cadet on the *Safmarine Kariba* reported to the master that she had been raped by the chief mate. The master called a meeting of the concerned parties, she failed to appear, a search was started, and her body was found in the water several hours later. The chief mate was fired.

Humans were rescued: An Alaska-based Coast Guard helicopter took a mariner off the US flagged taker *Alaskan Explorer* some 200 miles south of Sitka. He was suffering from chest pains.

Other events: The container ship *Altivia* arrived at Guam from South Korea and its cargo of containers were found to be heavily infested with spiders not native to Guam. The containers were hurriedly closed and reloaded and the ship was ordered to return to South Korea.

The Strait of Hormuz is a choke point for tankers serving the Persian Gulf. The Strait is 21 miles wide at its narrowest and is created by a narrow peninsula belonging to the United Arab Emirates that thrusts menacingly into the belly of Iran. Each day through the Strait pass about 17 million barrels of crude or nearly 20% of what the world needs. Traffic has been peaceful since the Iraq-Iran war of the 1980s when dozens of ships of many nationalities were attacked (incidentally, tankers are remarkably resistant to sinking).

Maybe the peaceful days are over. The Japanese VLCC *M Star*, loaded with one million tons of crude oil and heading for Japan, was attacked by what was finally declared to be a suicide boat. Initial reports attributed blame to a collision with a submarine or a rogue wave due to seismic activity somewhere (but there was none nearby) but a large area of dished-in and scorched plating the full height of the ship's starboard quarter and extensive onboard damage (such as a lifeboat blown out of its position) soon brought realization that the probable cause was a suicide small boat that had exploded near but not against the hull. A terrorist group then supplied the driver's name, the "martyr hero" was one Ayub Al Tayshan. He will not get a second chance to sink the *Star M* or any other ship.

Gray Fleets

Russia will boost its defense spending by more than 60% by 2014. That translates to an annual 2.025 billion rubles. The Navy will spend its share on the development of new submarines and the Bulava missile system, upgrades of the Black Sea Fleet and acquisition of two French built Mistral amphibious landing ships. Russia has previously announced that these sophisticated ships plus possibly two Russian built sisters would become part of the Black Sea fleet where the most probable enemy is Turkey or the Ukraine. Other Western nations wish that France would not transfer western navy technology to a former enemy.

The 21,300-ton Mistral-class "BPC" (Batiments de Projection et de Commandement) ships operate as helicopter carriers and amphibious assault transports with secondary capabilities as command and hospital ships. One of the vessels can carry 700 troops or evacuees for short periods. Normal hospital capacity is 69 beds with a fully equipped operating room. That capacity can also be expanded in emergencies by appropriating other ship spaces. The command post section is not expandable, but has work stations for up to 150 personnel.

The British military structure must be made smaller, but how to do so is raising some interesting prospects. For example, it is possible that the Royal Marines could be handed over to the British Army and combined with the Paras. "Are the plans a touch mad? Possibly. Are they being discussed? Absolutely," stated a senior defense figure. It is expected that the nation's Ministry of Defense will tell the Army, Navy, and RAF to get rid of 16,000 personnel, hundreds of tanks, and half a dozen ships. That would leave the RAF smaller than it was in 1914, that's World War I!

White Fleets

A gangway to the cruise ship *MSC Spen-did* gave away while passengers were boarding at Genoa and an elderly woman fell to her death. Her husband hit the quay and suffered severe head and leg injuries.

The *Emerald Princess* lost all power shortly after leaving Port Everglades and passengers enjoyed only intermittent hotel services for almost six hours and the ship missed a stop at Princess Cay.

The body of a juvenile humpback whale was spotted atop the bulbous bow of the *Sapphire Princess* while it was steaming south of Juneau, Alaska, in Tracy Sound. A tug soon arrived to pull the whale free and tow it elsewhere for a discreet necropsy to determine the cause of death.

Over the next few years, cruise ships will be required to use low-sulphur fuel while in the national waters of Canada and the US. The prospect caused one British cruise company to announce it may drop calls at ports like Halifax and Victoria, British Columbia. Currently fuels with 1.5 to 2.5% sulphur are used, but the sulphur level must drop to 1% in 2012 and to 0.1% in 2015. These changes will save 14,000 lives a year, predicted the US Environmental Protection Agency, but there are questions whether such fuels will even be available.

Those That Go Back and Forth

On Lake Victoria, a passenger boat capsized with 60 on board, mostly traders with their merchandise. Only four people were rescued. They had held onto pieces of wood and sacks of fish.

In the Democratic Republic of Congo, a (probably overloaded) ferry carrying passengers to the capital of Kinshasa sank in the Kasai River in the western province of Bandundu, leaving at least 138 dead.

On Lake Victoria, a boat carrying 36 people, almost all of them primary school children, capsized in strong winds and half of the children did not survive.

Legal Matters

Legal penalties vary tremendously worldwide. In the Philippines, the Coast Guard arrested the product tanker *BMI Angelita* for discharging about 15 litres (about four gallons) of oily waste water from its flooded engine room. (The ship had gone aground at the height of typhoon Conson.) The arrest will be lifted as soon as the owners pay a fine of 10,000 pesos (about \$217).

Illegal Imports

The car carrier *Frontier Ace* arrived at Walvis Bay in Namibia with several stowaways crouched atop its rudder. They had boarded at Lagos, Nigeria.

Politics

Massachusetts' senior senator John Kerry had the 76' sailboat *Isabel* built in New Zealand for about \$7 million and apparently intended to put it into the charter business out of Rhode Island's Newport, a popular port for East Coast charterers. It should be noted that Rhode Island is a state without a sales tax while the Massachusetts sales tax is 6.25%. The senator didn't have to pay the Massachusetts sales tax of \$437,500 if the luxury vessel stayed out of Massachusetts' waters for six months, but it was spotted at Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard shortly after delivery. (The Senator and his multi million dollar wife have a summer place on Nantucket.) When these inconvenient facts were brought to a flustered Senator's attention, he agreed to pay the sales tax (plus an annual vessel excise tax of about \$70,000) "if the taxes are owed."

Nature

Revenge for ancient whaling kills or merely an accident? You choose. Off Cape Town, quite near Robben's Island (where Nelson Mandela was jailed for so many years), a couple on the cruising sailboat *Intrepid* cut the engine to watch a southern right whale gambol nearby. Suddenly the nearsighted cetacean swam in their direction, broached high out of the water, and crashed down on the yacht's deck. Away went the mast and the whale swam away, perhaps missing some blubber. A nearby vessel got the whole episode on somewhat shaky video. (Neither human on the *Intrepid* was injured.)

In Alaska, the operator of a 34' jet boat taking loggers to work sites intentionally deviated from his course and hit humpback whales at high speed on two separate occasions. He got a remarkably light sentence of two years of probation and a \$1,000 fine.

In the Philippines, the Coast Guard wants the owners of the coal laden barge *Gold Trans 306* to get it off a coral reef near Batnagas (the barge is badly damaged) and to collect all of the coal that fell overboard so the reef and marine life would not be adversely affected. (The barge was another victim of typhoon Conson after its towline snapped.)

The Norwegian Polar Institute announced at the abortive Copenhagen Climate Change Conference last year that sea levels may rise by

0.5 to 1.5 metres before the end of this century. If true, that will inconvenience about 150 million people. Most of the sea rise will be caused by melting ice and snow with 25% contributed by the expansion of the warming waters.

On Rwanda's Lake Kivu, a barge has started collecting volcanic gasses in the fizzy lake. They are pumped ashore where methane is separated out and used to power three large generators that create electricity for that power short nation. The volcanic gasses are a product of seismic activity in the Great Rift as Africa slowly splits apart. Historically, Lake Kivu's gasses have been a killer. Deaths attributed to invisible pockets of carbon dioxide along the shoreline are frequently reported.

The gasses dissolved in the water, however, present a far greater threat. The ever-expanding volumes of carbon dioxide and methane in Lake Kivu, coupled with nearby volcanic activity, may trigger a "limnic eruption" (also referred to as a lake overturn, in which CO₂ suddenly erupts from the lake). These are highly likely at some stage in the future unless degassing occurs. That has begun with the extraction of some of the 60bn cubic metres of methane in the lake.

The world's only other known "exploding lakes," Monoun and Nyos, both in Cameroon, overturned in the 1980s. The clouds of carbon dioxide that burst through from the deep water asphyxiated about 1,800 people. But Lake Kivu is nearly 2,000 times larger than Lake Nyos and is in a far more densely populated area. An American professor described Kivu as possibly "one of the most dangerous lakes in the world. She said, "You don't even want to think about the scale of the devastation that could occur."

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

At Bangladesh's main port of Chittagong, a small group of pirates seemingly specializes in stealing one type of relatively low cost items. Four pirates armed only with long knives took four mooring lines from the container ship *PFS Keshava* while it was anchored in Anchorage A. Then a week later, in Anchorage C, four long knife armed pirates boarded the bulkier *Hong Kong Star* and got away with four mooring lines. A watchman failed to spot them and the loss was only noted when it came time to anchor the vessel.

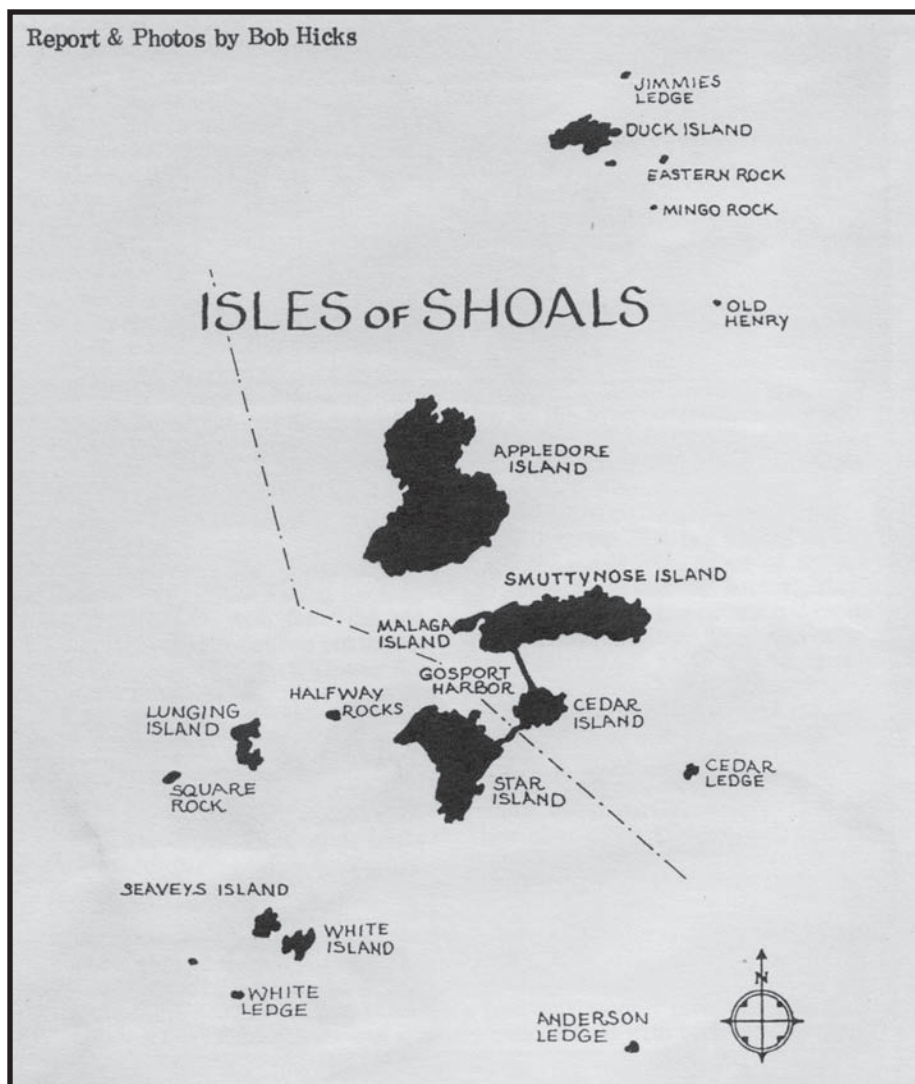
Odd Bits

Ordnance left over from World War II's Pacific battles still pose dangers. About 15 Solomon Islanders lose their lives each year due to still viable explosives. Royal Australian Navy divers have been training divers of the Royal Solomon Island Police in explosive ordnance disposal techniques.

Insufficient dredging kept the Chinese-flagged *Zhen Hua 10* from approaching near enough to a wharf to unload the first four container cranes that will be essential parts of making Cochin into India's first international transshipment port. Rapid dredging enabled the ship to unground and deliver its towering cranes.

Head-Shaker

Near-misses, hails from another yacht, horn blasts from a coaster's horn, and radio calls from the Coast Guard failed to alert anybody on the yacht *Erma*, a sailboat jogging along under only a jib in the middle of an incredibly busy English Channel. But siren blasts from a hovering Coast Guard helicopter brought a sole navigator topsides. He said he was sailing from Portland to the Azores and had been busy below. (Sleeping, perhaps?)



25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

Garfield to the Isles

By Bob Hicks
October 1, 1985

How many people have sailed off to the Isles of Shoals for their first "offshore" sail? I don't know, but when Richard Zapf called me to see if I'd like to join him on his first such junket in his 16' Bolger catboat, *Garfield*, I hastened to accept. The Isles are only eight miles off the New Hampshire coast near the mouth of the Piscataqua River and easily accessible in decent weather for any sort of reasonably seaworthy small boat. The Alden Ocean Shell folks base their major New England race there, rowing the eight miles in to Kittery, Maine, after having ferried their boats out on the regular ferry service.

But we were starting out from Ipswich, Massachusetts, where *Garfield* is moored near the entrance of Plum Island Sound. This is about a 25 mile distance in a straight line, so we figured we might need most of two days to make the round trip. *Garfield* goes well off the wind but if it was an upwind trip in either direction it could take a while. Still, we couldn't get away prior to 10am on Friday as the Ipswich Yacht Club launch didn't start its day until then and Richard has no tender for the little cat.

No hurry, though, the wind was light out of the north, threatening to head us once we rounded the tip of Plum Island and headed northeasterly. But it was a golden day, Thursday a major rainstorm had departed the area and the fresh post storm high pressure with its summer arctic clarity gave us great skies if not promising winds.

Many readers will recall Tom McGrath's chronicle of his trip to the Isles alone in his old 16' Townie, replete with all that could go wrong. Ours would not be the same. The only thing that might be construed as going wrong was the departure of ANY wind as we emerged from the Sound and attempted to get around the tip of Plum Island. Now the incoming tide carried us south and west back into the Sound. After our euphoria at being on the water subsided and we noticed we were closing on Crane's Beach, Richard reluctantly started the outboard. We had a long way to go by nightfall and here it was nearly noon and we're still under the bluffs at Plum Island. So the iron wind went to work.

About an hour later, as we drew abreast of the entrance to the Merrimac River at Newburyport, a light sea breeze sprang up and the motor was retired. The sea was still feeling the affects of the recent storm, about 3' glassy swells, just enough to drop the shore horizon out of sight when we dropped into the troughs. And with little wind we just ghosted along, at least Richard's penchant for lots of sail rewarded us with that. *Garfield* spreads about 185sf in its one big gunter rigged main.

And so our trip to the Isles settled into a long afternoon of mellow ghosting, the shoreline gradually distancing itself and, at last, the white buildings of the conference center on the main island showing up ahead reflecting the afternoon sun like a large white



sail. Oh, but it was a long time growing into a recognizable object.

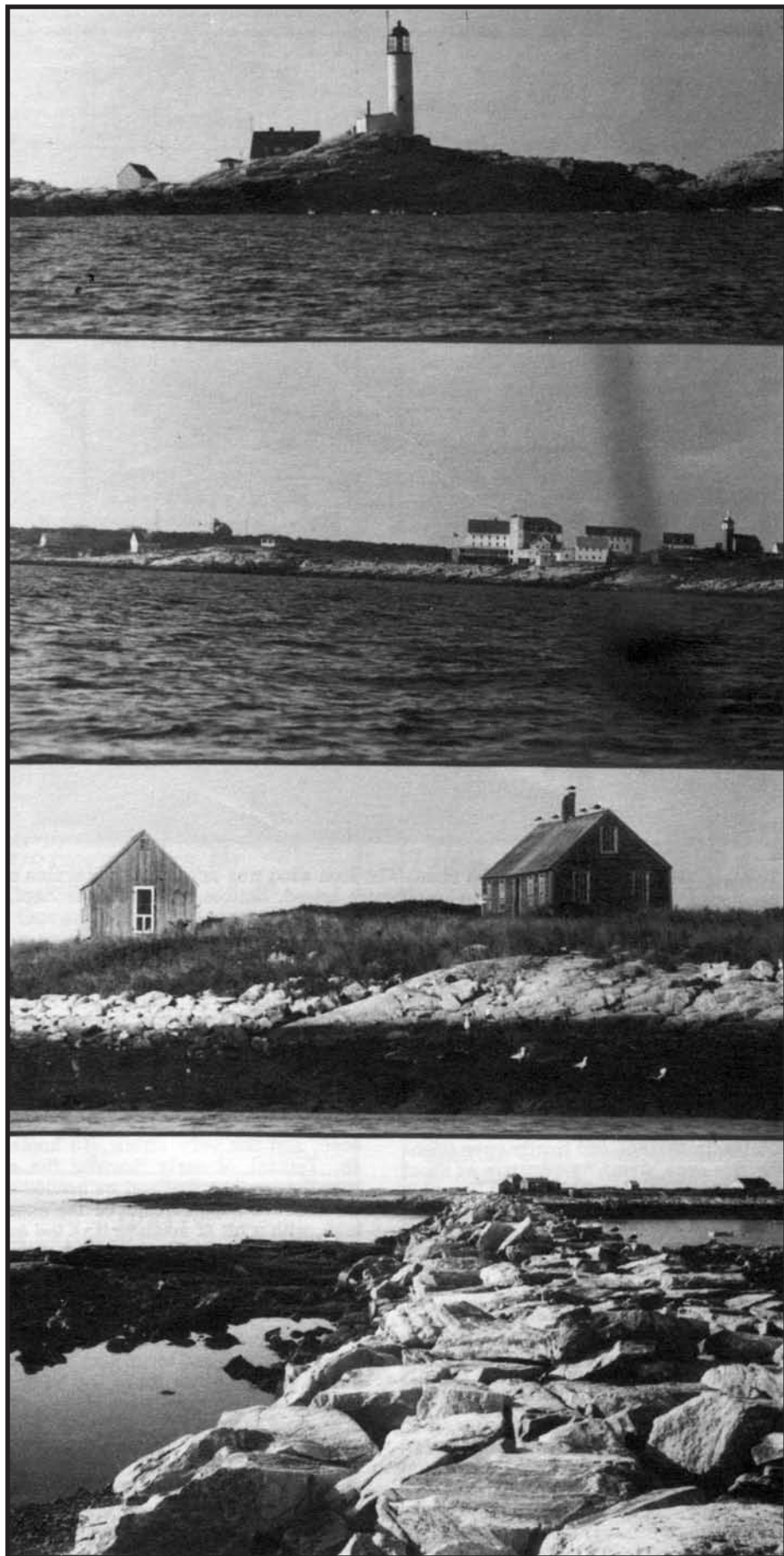
The breeze freshened a bit as the afternoon drifted on and we finally did arrive at the harbor in early evening. Richard had spotted a small anchorage behind a partly broken down jetty on the western tip of Smuttynose, and sure enough there it was, sort of resembling a partly flooded cellar hole, big enough for *Garfield* even at low tide. The main harbor held a dozen moored boats, including one large power cruiser from Dallas, Texas, yet. It really was as we were to learn later on.

We beached *Garfield* and enjoyed glutinous canned chicken fricassee on nothing, sitting at a weathered picnic table on Smuttynose overlooking our little hidey hole anchorage. Not too good on the food planning. But there were plenty of wine coolers, beer, and lots of bread and butter. And it was a lovely sunset which we enjoyed undisturbed by any other people. Well, almost. Shortly after we arrived two small rowboats poked into our tiny cove, each rowed by a young woman from across the harbor at the conference center, hired help out looking for some promising male companionship. Soon enough they realized we were quite over the hill in years and they headed back, no doubt disappointed that this rakish little catboat did not have a youthful crew aboard.

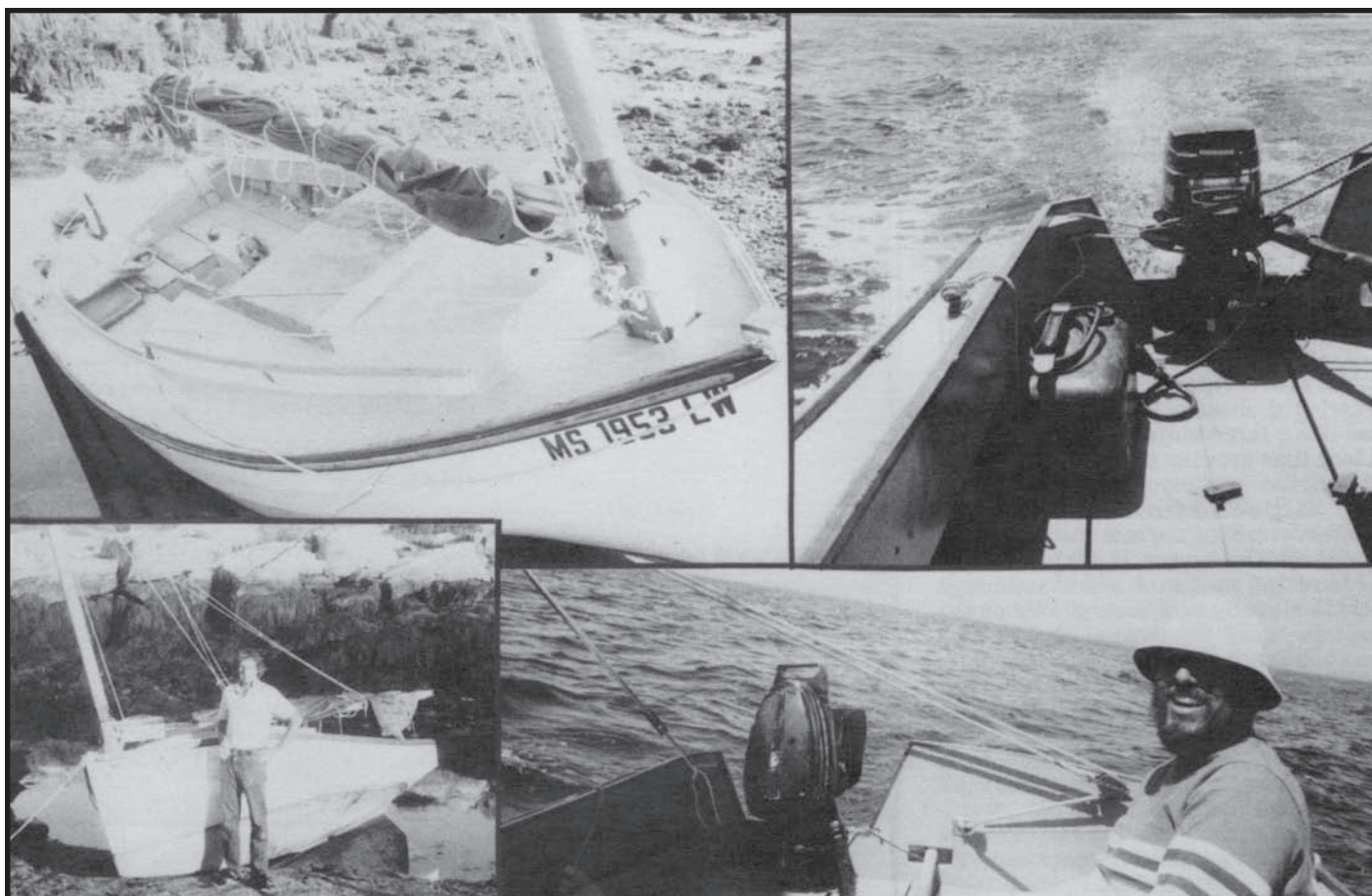
We slept aboard *Garfield* under the stars, a clear cool night, the broad flat cockpit providing excellent bunk space. Until about 2am. Then something awakened us both. Surf. Surf? Yes, the rushing sound of the sea breaking not so far away. Sitting up under the now bright moon we looked around and saw that the jetty was gone! Where were we? Well, from the lights across the harbor we quickly ascertained that we were still anchored in place, bow and stern. The tide had risen a considerable amount, it was a very high tide indeed, and the jetty was just submerged. And on the other side the rocky island was now also just awash and the waves were breaking in amongst the jumbled boulders that had reared high above us as we had settled in for the night. It was a marvelous scene once we relaxed, the bright moon, the white breakers to our left, the orange night lights to our right over at the big old hotel buildings. A calm night. Who gets up at 2am to look at a moonlight night on the water?

Back to sleep until later it became difficult in my dreams to keep on my feet in whatever was happening, I kept feeling imbalance and finally upon opening my eyes, found we were now at about a 30° angle, *Garfield* was high and dry on its V-bottom on the gravel beach, once again the rocks and the jetty towered above us, back in the cellarhole again.

Well, it was 6am and it would be at least 8am before the water returned enough to float even shallow draft *Garfield*. So we breakfasted a bit better than we had dined the previous evening, plenty of coffee, juice, and fresh donuts. We decided to explore Smuttynose. It is privately owned but open to public access. We were the only ones ashore on this lovely mild summer Saturday morning. Only people, there were about a million sea gulls. The island is a rookery for gulls. Our walk around the island perimeter was accomplished under an umbrella of agitated gulls as we picked our way over the bouldery shoreline and amongst the rubbish of a busy colony of seagulls. We were, fortunately, rather small targets for the rain of guano that fell from the overhead flocks. Close at times, though.



From the top: The light on White Island. The conference center on Star Island was once a major summer hotel complex. The abandoned house and shed on Smuttynose Island have suffered extensively from vandalism. The breakwater between Smuttynose and Cedar Islands encloses sheltered Gosport Harbor.



Top left: *Garfield* at rest. Top right: The iron wind was pressed into service early on the first day when NO wind developed. Bottom left: Ashore on Smuttynose Island. Bottom right: Skipper Zapf, happiness is a small catboat with a very big sail.

We motored out around 8am as no wind got into that anchorage, and then set sail for the trip home. We had reports of southerly winds, dead on the nose, and not very strong, 10 knots or so. Typical of early morning the wind was lighter than that and we headed east on what we hoped would be the shorter tack, with a bit of south in it as the early wind remained southwesterly. A mile or so further out a group of large fishing boats (charter and dayfishing craft) already were at anchor where the fish were. The wind gradually wore around more and more easterly, and by 10am, while still hardly three miles from the Isles and mostly southeast, we were able to swing over on a tack to the south now that was going to hold for us all the way to Crane's Beach.

The wind continued to pick up as the day passed, the previous day's swells had subsided and we had a rather pleasant easy beat or close reach for some 20 miles, ever so gradually closing on the far away (to me ten miles is far off) coast. We saw only a few sailing boats and a few lobstermen, we were too far out. *Garfield* tramped along nicely at about 5 knots and so by late afternoon we again approached the southern tip of Plum Island.

The tide was running out and the breakers were forming on the broad sandbars at the entrance to the Sound, so we maneuvered around between the worst of them (none very threatening really on this mild afternoon) and entered the channel along Crane's Beach and up into the Sound. Now the traffic was considerable, power and sail, but we got into a downwind course and eased right along amongst many larger boats already

running on power. One hurdle to go. The outgoing tide sets up quite a series of standing waves as the channel bends to the north, and ahead of us several larger sailing craft were at a standstill, wind pushing in, tide pushing out. Richard eased *Garfield* over into about 2' of water nearest the tip of the island and we sailed right across the overfalls where they were weakest. More wind than tide power.

And so the cruise to the Isles was completed, nothing very dramatic, no anxious moments, maybe a bit too little wind and too much ghosting. But in all a great campout on a real set of islands easily accessible from the Massachusetts North Shore. This was camper cruising and I heartily endorse it for congenial shipmates.



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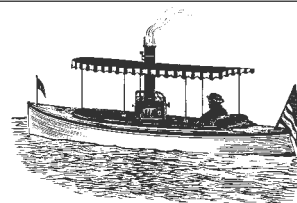
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Growing Up in Beetle Cats My Childhood Years

By Jim Kittredge
Reprinted from *The Beetle Sheet*
Newsletter of the New England
Beetle Cat Boat Association
www.beetlecat.org

It was the summer of 1938. I was ten when my father chartered a Beetle Cat from a very good friend whose family had lost interest in sailing. Their loss was my gain. Two years later he bought the Beetle and my love for it grew stronger as I grew up, a love that is still with me today. Every day possible I was out in that Beetle, doing anything to care for it even if it never left the mooring. Just being in that boat made me happy.

My sailing instructor, an extremely patient man, started teaching me the art of sailing and racing; how to adjust the peak for advantage, how to reef for a strong blow, how to shake out a reef while sailing and not lose any headway, how to steal wind out of the sail of the boat ahead on a downwind run, and how to jibe around a mark without capsizing. He was a very good instructor and soon I was doing these things on my own.

In the early days the sails were made from Egyptian cotton with two rows of reef points. Many races were sailed with a double reef, salt spray flying everywhere.

Learning the tactics of racing was very challenging. I soon learned that right of way meant the boat with the wind over the starboard side and close hauled had the right of way over a boat with the wind over the portside coming directly toward me and had to yield by either tacking over to leeward or going astern to avoid collision. Buoy room was also a challenge, trying to squeeze between the rounding mark and the boat alongside without hitting either. It was all in the game. It didn't really matter where I finished. The main idea was to be out in my Beetle, learning and having fun. That boat taught me a great deal. How could I not have a great time propelled quietly along by only the wind and the sound of water rushing past the hull as the little boat moved through the waves?

Race days were scheduled for Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. To keep up enthusiasm for sailing and racing, informal races were sailed on Sundays. During WW II only a handful of boats were sailing. When I say a handful, we were lucky to have five boats in a race. On August 14, 1945, a championship race was scheduled. The day was warm, sunny, and breezy. I was sailing my cousin's Beetle in that race and, as I was sailing in from the mooring to the float, I heard a loud crack, the mast! Looking around for a crew, I spotted a young lassie skipping down the pier. "Come on Ellen," I called to her, "you're crewing for me today."

As soon as she was safely on board, I shoved off and headed for the starting line. I didn't tell her about that cracked mast until we were well out in the channel. Our course was triangular with a downwind run jibing around the first mark, then a reach to the second mark and a beat back to the starting mark rounding that for a second time around. The beat to home on an incoming tide was a series of short tacks. All this time the mast was still standing.



On the reach to the second mark I noticed the tide was now going out of the harbor. I told Ellen that this time, on the final leg to the finish, I was going to try something that I had never done before. I was going to sail behind the big island on the port tack for smoother water but still open wind as long as the mast was still standing, take a chance and pick up the outgoing tide coming out of Scorton Creek, and come home on the starboard tack with right of way over all the other boats. No one followed me, thinking, perhaps, that I had dropped out of the race. They all followed the same short tack pattern as before, but this time they were bucking a headwind and a head tide.

Once clear of the island, I tacked over to starboard and headed for home. I could see I had a commanding lead. Fifty feet from the finish line the mast went over the port side! Ellen and I looked at each other and howled with laughter. We drifted across the finish line and won the race! Then we gathered in the debris and accepted a tow back to the mooring. It turned out to be a very historic day. When we got back to the pier bells were ringing and sirens sounding. It was V-J Day. World War II was over. The Japanese had surrendered!


Learning to care for my boat came easily. The bilge had to be kept sponged dry, the sail had to be furled tightly, and a sail stop tied around the rolled up luff. The halyards pulled taut and the main sheet passed twice over the boom holding the boom in the boom crutch. Almost every day I would row out to check and make sure things were as they should be. Mr Frank Chase, the father of a good friend, was a co-owner of a boat yard in Manchester-by-the-Sea. He offered to have a cockpit cover made for me if I would provide him with a pattern. He told me how to do it with the proper dimensions. A week later he brought me the cover, which fit beautifully. It was the first Beetle in the harbor with a full cockpit cover.

In the spring, as soon as school was out, I would rush to the barn where the Beetles were stored and, with help from my cousins, roll our boats outside. After turning them over, we started sanding and painting, getting them ready. Once all the work was completed they were rolled across the road to the marsh bank and into the creek to swell. As soon as they were tight the masts were stepped with the halyards pre-run and the sails bent on the spars. We were off and sailing. Doing

my own work taught me a lot and brought me closer to bonding with the one boat I'll remember all my life.

As the years went by my love for and enjoyment of the Beetle remained strong. I started my own repair shop in West Barnstable, Massachusetts, and worked primarily on Beetle Cats. I stored over 20 boats for customers and did all kinds of repairs. I also painted boats in the spring as well as doing pickups and deliveries, launching and rigging in the spring, and unrigging and hauling in the fall. I did it all. Sometimes I had some part time help but most of the time I worked alone. When I had some major repairs or rebuilds my closest friend, Dan Knott, was always there to with me. Dan was not only a friend, he was a teacher. Working side by side with him I learned so much and he did much to build up my confidence in rebuilding or just scarfing in new planks or frames. I always bought my stock from Leo Telesmanick and later from Charlie York. Trips to South Dartmouth for coamings, frames, and other necessary supplies were always enjoyable. Stories were always swapped but they all came back to my early days growing up in Beetle Cats.

Last September 2009, I donated my 77-year-old, still sailing, Beetle to the Cape Cod Museum in Hyannis to be on display fully rigged. She will live on. I hope she will be an inspiration to future generations to own and love wooden Beetle Cats and to grow up to bond with them the way I did.



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It took less than a decade, but the skipjack *Dreamcatcher* sails. After a couple of mis-starts in the past couple of years we finally got her sailing. It was a warm sunny July day with light winds 5-10mph, and the lovely and talented Naomi decided that it was perfect day for test sailing the 18' Oyster Pirate.

Oyster Pirates were built a bit narrower than regular skipjacks to be able to sail away from the law. They were built for poaching oysters on beds designated for tonguing only. *Dreamcatcher* is a half-scale version of *Messenger*, a skipjack from Howard Chappelle's book, *American Small Sailing Craft*. At half scale she became very tender. To correct that I added some ballast in the form of two batteries on each side of the centerboard trunk, and also some lead, for about 120lbs total. She could probably use a bit more.

The first time we sailed her in October of '08, we had difficulty bringing her through the wind. So we began to simply jibe her. After about a half hour of sailing I capsized her in a jibe and that was the end of the season for her first launch. To correct that I raked the mast back a few more degrees and I found that the centerboard was not extending as far as it should have. With those adjustments she now comes about, but somewhat slowly. But that was in light wind, with some more speed I think that will improve.

The second year I cracked the mast in two while taking it out of the step. That ended her season for '09.

This year I built a new mast on a tabernacle. That really simplified things. It's temporary, as the mast needs to be built lighter than it is now. But it worked out great. I also added an electric motor for getting to and from the ramp out to the sailing area. I had a pair of oars, but rowing that boat is not light work if I have to go any distance or against the wind.

Dreamcatcher is Finally Launched

By Greg Grundtisch



Dreamcatcher sailed very well in the light air and she looked great, too. The boat draws a lot of attention. People took notice and came by to inquire about her and give her compliments, no less than two dozen people that day. We probably lost over an hour of sailing time talking to folks about the little skipjack. We had a similar problem a week earlier while rigging her. People wanted to check out the "old wooden boat." All were very complimentary and most wanted to know how old she was. I wasn't sure what to say. There have been so many years from her beginning in Bob Hicks' barn in the '80s, to 2002 when he gave her to me, and all my years finishing her. Her first launch was 2008. They all seemed surprised and a little disappointed that she wasn't old.

I still have a little fine tuning to do on her but she seems to be a good sailing boat. I need to test her in some stronger winds now that I know how she handles. But don't she look pretty?

I can't take all the credit as there were some folks who helped make her look so good. There is Stuart Hopkins of Dabblers Sails, who cut out a glorious set of sails from some old vintage cotton sails. The Pert Lowell Co made the deadeyes and mast hoops, and the Winters Brothers made the cleats and fairleads of beautiful varnished ash.

Also thanks to Bob Hicks for building the backbone. That gave me a tremendous head start in building her. Even though I took way too many years to get her launched, *Dreamcatcher* finally got launched and what a sight! There were no problems or drama as in the past. And there is still plenty of summer left to get some real use out of her. Happy sails!



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Thumper Encounter

By W.R. Cheney

The piece in the August issue ("25 Years Ago in MAIB," "Here comes *Thumper*") reminded me forcibly of an encounter I had recently while becalmed off Bass Harbor, Maine, in my engineless catboat *Penelope*. I had started off earlier in the day from Swan's Island bound for the Cranberry Islands but after passing between Black and Placentia Islands and getting to a point near the Bass Harbor Bar the wind fell light and I decided to postpone the open ocean portion of my route because the possibility of spending the night becalmed off Long Ledge and the Western Way was not inviting.

Thus it was that I steered to port and headed for Bass Harbor which, always uneasy due to heavy lobster boat traffic and somewhat exposed, was the only alternative. The breeze, indeed, did cease altogether and I lay, motionless except for a slight bobble, contemplating the moored boats alongshore and wishing I could join them. As the time passed, I was confident some little evening zephyr would spring up, they almost always do, especially when the tide changes. But I was growing impatient because it is always best to anchor early and cook dinner before the mosquitoes arrive and I have to button up the boat.

I began to hear off in the distance an unfamiliar noise, "poka poka poka, pop pop pop, poka poka," a series of muffled explosions as though someone was firing off a child's popgun rapidly and over and over. Clearly mechanical, this sound, unlike the whine and roar of mod-



ern engines, was not at all unpleasant. It did not overpower or obliterate natural sounds (the lapping of wavelets, the cry of seabirds) but joined them in a companionable way.

Off to the south a speck appeared on the horizon and grew slowly until it revealed itself as a low graceful launch approaching at a modest four or five knots. This boat was in the water the way a sea duck or a seal is, not on it or above it the way the modern mechanical monstrosities that call themselves boats are. Clearly, although this was a powerboat, a man aboard her was still a part of the environment, he could feel the movement of the sea as a smooth, silky surge, not a series of jarring collisions, and like a sailor in an easy breeze, he would have the time and the inclination for philosophy.

This apparition out of the past approached and a very pleasant gentleman asked if I would like a tow into harbor. Normally *Penelope* considers any idea of a tow as an indignity. Our sport is to use our wits to fathom the mysteries

of wind and tide to achieve our ends without any outside help. And more, *Penelope* will not allow herself to be seen being assisted by craft the very existence of which she disapproves.

But this was different. Here was a beautiful and intriguing boat. Accepting a tow would allow us a chance to get a better look and learn more about her. Besides, there were those mosquitoes, and dinner.

"I wouldn't say no," I said and tossed a line over to the boat which was named *Goslin*. Before we got underway I got a look under her engine hatch at the Acadia one-lunger which bore a striking resemblance to the old piston water pumps we had on our Long Island wells when I was a boy (they, too, were quieter and pleasanter than what came after).

Goslin and *Penelope* then chugged pleasantly into the harbor. My benefactor dropped me off over a good anchoring spot and departed as he had come, "poka poka poka, pop pop, poka poka..."

Of course, you may think that boats can't talk. Of course, that would be because you're what we sailors call a "land lubber." Well, take a seat there in the lee of a drawin' sail, and let me tell you about the voyage of *Little Lady Bug*.



This is how she told me. Because, I know that boats can talk. They talk to us sailors, anyway. And this is what she said:

Boats Can Talk

By Dan Rogers

"We was just launched for the first time, and sittin' a bit low on our lines, but shipshape and ready for sea. Our owner, Miss Ameilee, set us gently down in a fathom of water and trimmed the main and driver close amidships. Our helm was locked by the builder, an old gent goes by Cap'n Dan, for a close-to-the-wind beat.

The first gust ran our rail under and the bone fetched up under the bows, and we was off with the wind fine on the port bow. I could see the open sea from our launching. A short fetch past the piers and the power boat rabble



lining 'em. Ah, 'twas grand, there matey. Our first voyage and the open sea in reach. And then it happened.

We took a big gust broad on the bow, and sails flung all aback. Our decks was awash, and the main truck diving for the waves! That's the terrible moment when a ship either shows her stern to trouble, or her bottom to the heavens.

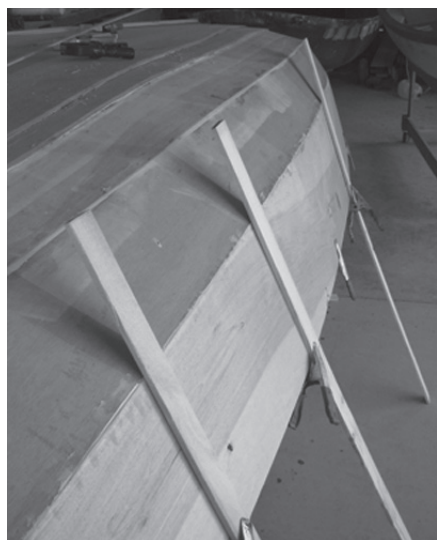
Since it's me that's tellin' this yarn, I guess you know that I weathered that gust and the next and the next. A jolly fine sea boat that I am. But, just remember there, my lubberly friend, "A ship belongs at sea, for harbors rot both ships and sailors."

And, that is what she told me.



Every move in the shop should have been rehearsed several times before you ever put on your apron. If you play it through several times in your mind, improvements are likely to pop up. This is especially important if, in the heat of passion, you decide to change something. For example, when my full bottom plank wouldn't bend as I had anticipated, I summarily cut off a narrow plank from each side. Tucking the narrow plank under the bottom plank left me staring at an unsightly $\frac{1}{4}$ " ridge. It obviously had to be beveled away. Power plane, no problem. One of the maxims I live by is "out of sight, out of mind." There was a corresponding ridge inside the hull but it never occurred me. It was a messy business sanding it down when I turned the hull over.

My plan to do the topsides with three wide planks worked out better than I could have hoped. I just ran a batten around the molds, marked the crossings, and glued on a piece of lath to correspond. A wide piece of ply was offered up, marked in place, and cut with the saber saw. This plank was not perfect, but close, and easily planed to fit! Once fitted it was marked to match the section of lath, taken off, and a line laid with a batten. It was then cut, glued, clamped, and screwed in place. The seam was payed with glue thickened with some old West light filler that has been kicking around here forever.



Light pressure to help keep seams aligned.

Remarkably, the seams on these planks lined up almost perfectly. I had expected to be involved with stitching them together but no heroic measures were necessary. As shown in the photo, some sticks against the floor applying light pressure were required in a few cases. All the planks were long enough, except the top one which required a little triangular piece to reach the fore transom.

The entire hull was covered with light cloth, doubled where the bow hits the beach. Logically I could have painted it at this point but I wasn't psychologically ready for that. I could also have cut a slot for the centerboard but it's easier to build the case and cut a slot to fit. It's also mildly disagreeable, so let's put it off.

Comes now the big deal. We can turn this baby over and see what we got. At first glance this would appear to require crawling under the rack and strongback to get at the screws holding the molds to the strongback.

It took longer than one might expect to figure out that the strongback could be

Super Dink

Part 7

By Jim Thayer



Getting Super Dink off the strongback. Hope it goes. Note end compartments.

upended and the screws extracted while comfortably afoot. In short order the hull was back on its rolling carriage right way up. It had grown. *Humongodink* was the first name that sprang to mind.

You may recall from the Starvation report (surely you studied it?) that Axon criticized the angled rudder. Taking this to heart (never too old to learn) I had been working out nifty high tech supports to get the rudder stock vertical. Finally it came to me that a board across the top of the transom could do double duty as a rudder support, carrying handles and cleats.

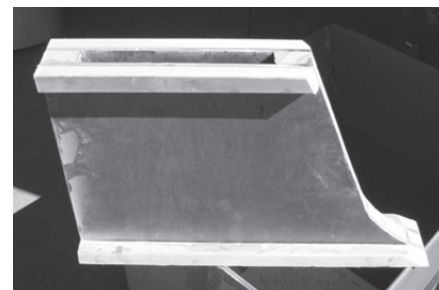
Outwales going on, board across transom for rudder mount and handholds.



The main job was to put reinforcement along the tops of the bulkheads to give the deck a proper crown and offer more glue surface than the $\frac{1}{4}$ " ply provided. Years ago after the Statue of Liberty party, Janis and I were crashing around New York Harbor in the dark, jumping off wakes. It was impressed on me that when the boat came down with a bang, the 20' solid mast was exerting a serious strain on the bottom planking. Ever since I have been putting a large piece of ply or solid timber under the mast step to spread the load. Looking at the wide expanse of $\frac{1}{4}$ " ply I decided the centerboard case could use more support and, while I was at it, might as well run a strip all the way aft. I wound up with a paddle shaped overlay between the interior bulkheads. I have covered all the interior planking with lightweight cloth.

I have been using the term centerboard but this boat will have a daggerboard. The board in either case ought to be about 8" wide and project 18"-24" below the boat. You can find formulae for its area, shape, and cross-section someplace. It should be rounded on the leading edge and taper to a fine point aft. As the wind builds, the board needs to move aft. The normal case doesn't allow any movement. I have made mine with a sloping after part so that it is wider at the bottom. It will be necessary to make cutouts at the top of the board so that it can swing. Arrange a piece of shock cord to hold it forward for light air. This cord can also hold the board part way up. Another drawback of a daggerboard is that if all the way up it may interfere with the boom.

Another serious problem is that when it hits the bottom at speed it puts a considerable strain on the hull. Just ask Dewitt! Therefore, I build some extra blocking into the aft end of the case. From a strictly sailing point of view a centerboard is to be preferred, but it takes up a lot of room and adds weight (the board is usually weighted). Plus it is customarily hanging down just a tad and hangs up on the trailer at launch. The weight handicap can be eliminated by using a removable board.



Daggerboard case. The back slopes to allow the board to shift aft. Note extra blocking at bottom to provide strength when grounding.

Since this is a learning experience, I would encourage you to employ graphics and mathematics to arrive at the placement of the mast and board. Be sure to figure in the rudder too. If that's too much trouble, put the mast 12"-16" from the bow and the front of the case 12"-16" aft of the mast. It may not be perfect but it'll work well enough. You can always tweak it later. That's what saws are for. As we said at the outset, "this ain't rocket science."

PS: If you hit Google with "sail area formula" and hold your mouth right, you will get Jim Michalak's page on figuring sail and centerboard area, which will keep you gainfully occupied for a while.

Red Zinger Floats

By Paul Follansbee
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Our first cruise in *Red Zinger* last year involved regularly pumping alarming (to us) quantities of seawater out of our otherwise very fine vessel. This spring Winterport Marine in Winterport, Maine, began repairs. As we expected (guessed?), the problem was the once watertight bulkhead between the free flooding rudder well and the rest of the boat. When the rudder was removed (an amazingly simple job) it was discovered that the rudder post had, over the years, worn through the copper chafing plate and about 1" of the bulkhead, a hole which was just slightly above the waterline when moored but decidedly below when moving, was created. Thickened epoxy was applied to the hole and the entire seam was reinforced with cloth and epoxy.

The second problem revealed during that first cruise was a transom that was more flexible than we liked, particularly the portion supporting the engine. After some discussion, it was decided to reinforce the entire lower transom with white oak on the exterior and marine ply on the interior. White oak was not available so, alas, we had to settle for 1 1/4" mahogany, backed by 3/4" marine plywood through bolted. The finished product is an extremely strong, attractive transom.

With only moderate apprehension, we launched the boat on July 7 in Winterport. Happily the bulkhead no longer leaked and, upon launching, *Zinger* took on only the amount of water one might expect from a newly launched wooden boat. Our neighbor and local blacksmith extraordinaire, Robert Adams, accompanied me on the trip down the Penobscot River to Stockton Springs, where *Zinger* has her mooring. Our new cartopper skiff, *Present*, towed beautifully astern.

Several subsequent sails, one while double reefed, have reinforced our appreciation of the boat which has proven to be fast, dry, and easy to sail. Reaching while double reefed, we were making 6.3 knots over the ground while towing an 11' skiff, heeling about 10-15° (winds gusting low 20s).



An additional project, that most likely won't be completed until next winter is installing a wood burning stove. Meant to do it while on vacation, but couldn't get up the nerve to cut through the deck.



We have also been pleased to discover several other Bolger boats in Stockton Springs. My favorite, besides *Zinger*, is a Bolger Manatee named *Alert* which, I believe, has made two Atlantic crossings, rigged at the time as a junk. Her current owner, Stan Blake, has re-rigged her with a gaff on the main and a sprit mizzen. She is 34' long, strip planked in cedar with fiberglass cloth. She is amazingly solid and roomy below decks and Stan has kept her in fine condition.

Also had the pleasure of seeing *Miss Nina*, another Bolger design. She's a 50'+ ketch that was written up some years ago in *Messing About in Boats*. A very fine yacht with an apparently complicated history.

As is probably obvious, I am very happy with *Red Zinger*. As usual, Bolger's design, while unconventional, is practical, easy (for a wood boat) to repair and maintain, and a

pleasure to sail and live on. I continue to be impressed with Richard Zapf's construction of her. He did an extremely fine and painstaking job and the boat has held up well for over 20 years. He and I both work in the field of mental health, which is not typically known for producing fine craftsmen. Richard is the exception, and it has been a pleasure to speak with him about the boat.


Silas Yates, the second owner, made some useful changes, including the pilot house which, while visually a bit unusual, improves the interior immensely. He has been extremely generous with his time since we purchased her (the cartopper was also his). Nick Appollonio, musician, guitar and boat builder, also provided time and advice that assisted in *Zinger's* repairs, and Eric and Craig of Winterport Marine did fine work and demonstrated patience not only with *Zinger's* less than traditional construction (cold molded, copper and Dynel® sheathed), but with her new, anxious, not very knowledgeable owner. I hope that I prove worthy of the boat designed, built, sailed, maintained, and repaired by these fine men.

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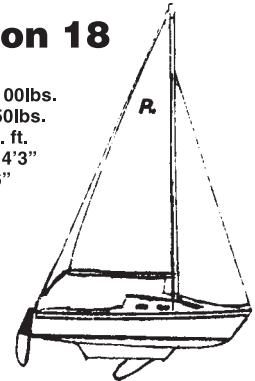


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Sometimes it is good idea to keep things around in case you might need them some day. Then again, I am not really sure whether I should encourage you to be a pack rat, or warn you off it completely, but often it is good for me. I don't think I am that much of a saver, but things that would be difficult to replace, and that work well, I consider keeping even if I do not have an immediate use for them. I definitely think that way about boats. Getting rid of a boat, even parts of a boat, is really difficult.

The story begins 40 years before this writing with the notion that my young family needed a boat. It was my second attempt at boat building (it happens that I did not keep my first one). Not knowing nearly enough about the fine points, I had found a plan in *Popular Mechanics* that seemed both economical and adequate. It was a flat-bottomed open cockpit 16' kayak with straight sides, made of 1/4" exterior plywood, very simple to build. It held my wife, three small kids, and me. It was easy for everyone to get into and it rode well on a smooth pond. The plans included a lateen sailing rig which I dutifully built with the help of my wife, but it never did sail well. This sturdy, heavy, useful, and not very pretty boat served for several years, but eventually rotted out and has disappeared without a trace. Except, of course, for the sail rig. I still have that, without the boat that it was supposed to be part of.

Over the years we have acquired several more boats, all canoes or open cockpit kayaks that are lighter and better looking than that early kayak. Most of them I have built and I still have most of them. They were all well used in their time, but we seldom use any but the newest one now, which is a very sweet strip-built canoe. Some we may never use again and unused boats take up a lot of storage space.

We added one more to those three children and all four grew up and flew the nest, establishing families of their own. Mary Anne and I have enjoyed canoeing for many years, just the two of us, and yet we can only use one boat at a time. The young families enjoy boating, but like all young families they do not have the time, or are too far away, to very often take advantage of the lonely boats waiting in the shed. Let's face it, none of them are as nuts about canoeing as I am. Under the current reality I am pretty sure our fleet will not increase in number. However, it looks like it may not shrink any either.

It is rare these days for young families to live near grandparents but, although our sons live many miles away, it is our fortunate lot to have both our daughters' families living in the two houses next to us. We are privileged to have grandchildren right next door. One family vacations in Maine most years, recently making a stop along the way at Mystic Seaport now that the children are the right age. They knew enough about the place to get to the waterfront and the catboat ride early, but that day it was a little early for the wind. Since there was no one waiting, the captain suggested they stay a little longer, hoping for a breeze. While they waited eight-year-old Anne got a sailing lesson. Then the wind came up and she got to take the tiller. She was hooked. Once they were home from Maine I got the whole story, in detail.

So the situation was this. The sailing bug did not wear off for Anne, now nine, and her brother Sam seems to have been bitten as well, with the ocean painted around the lower part of the walls of his newly painted

The Sailboat That Did Not Mean to Be

By Hugh Groth

room. Super-saver Grampa had a pretty nice kayak built in the recent past with no sail, an open cockpit boat similar in size to the original sailing kayak but a much better shape. This newer one never was meant to have a sail, but it might be adapted. And there was this old sail with brittle and rusted fittings that could fit another kayak, maybe. And the children love to help Grampa build and fix things. So you see where this is going. Even though Grampa is not much of a sailor, Anne is sure she can handle that part perfectly well.

It would be well if we could have built a hull to suit the sail, designed specifically for sailing, but the materials, the time, and the patience just were not there. As much as I enjoy designing and building boats, this one was going to have to happen in a hurry or the moment would be lost. That's the way it is with grandchildren. So one afternoon after school we got out the sail rig and tried it on the kayak. It was clear that it would not be all that quick, but it seemed it would be possible.

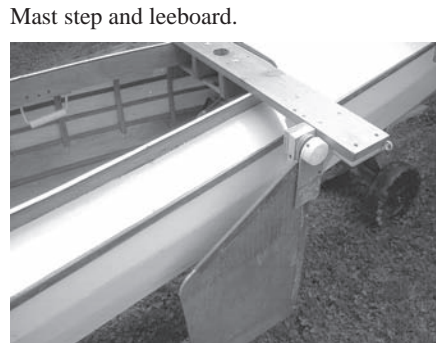
The sheets were old and gray but made of the best woven nylon, still flexible and no weak spots, so they could remain. The halyard was a heavier version of the same, but the fastenings and pulleys would have to be new. For that one I got new line as well. The aluminum rudder was in good shape, easily mounted on the stern of the kayak just as with the old boat, with the mounting brackets I, of course, had saved. The rudder had a push-pull tiller that could be rotated up out of the way when beaching, a valuable feature. This was an item that would be very hard to replace.

So much for the easy stuff. The clamp-in-place mast step would have to be completely rebuilt, although I could probably save the main parts. The old skinny wooden leeboards would have to go. They never worked well in the first place, vibrating when underway, generally too long, and they kept floating up if I did not tighten the hold-down knobs enough. Somewhere along the way I had acquired some foam plastic blocks about 3' long with a 6"x8" cross section, well suited for pontoons. It shouldn't be necessary, but with no idea how I would attach them I thought I might add these as a safety measure against capsizing.

I was able to disassemble the clamp-on mast step without much trouble. At this point I had just a 3' board with a mast-sized hole in it that spanned and clamped to the front of the kayak cowl, so I added external attachments points using thumb screws and repositioned the screw eyes where the mast stays hooked on. I then fashioned a whole new leeboard, shorter and wider than the old ones, and reinforced it with metal so that it would not float up nor vibrate when it was down. Just one leeboard, matching the rudder in size and shape was, in my opinion, sufficient, fastened to a rather Rube Goldberg pivot bracket mounted on the starboard side of the mast step. I then fashioned the pontoons, clamping the foam to wooden brackets, which mounted to each end of the mast step board. It appeared we were ready.



Push-pull rudder assembly.



Mast step and leeboard.

My daughter, the children's mother, suggested that maybe a paddle in the kayak for each of them might be a good idea before we tried sailing. I thought it was a great idea, so one hot, humid evening the kayak was tied to the boat rack on top of the van and Anne and I were off to the lake. Sam rode separately with his parents, three of them intending to take a walk while one child paddled with me and Mom and Dad could keep an eye on us. All went well enough. Anne and I had a good long paddle around the lake, maybe almost too long for her. She was eager to get to sailing, as was Sam, so his ride was suitably shorter. Besides, by this time Grampa was too hot and sweaty for more.

Now the eagerness was more intense. Several days later, on a cooler and less humid afternoon the kayak again went up on the van, this time with the sail and mast alongside. All the rigging went in the back, with Anne commenting, "I didn't realize there was so much gear!" as she helped load. Sam had been told he was too young to go out in the sailboat, but he was so thoroughly disappointed that I relented and told him, "Maybe just a little ride, close to shore." So Sam came along with his mom, she intending to take pictures, probably wishing she could ride, too, as she had in the old kayak when she was a child.

I have a set of wheels that attach quickly and easily to the back of the kayak, making it much easier to move my little boats around. We loaded all the gear into the boat and wheeled it to the beach. With the children's help we got the sail and mast set in place and attached the rudder and pontoons. Anne and I got into the boat and were ready to shove off. At this point the wind died. Intentionally, I had picked a light wind day, but this was overdoing it.

Thinking that maybe this would give us a little time to get things set before we had to actually become sailors, we raised the sail. Immediately the wind picked up and we were

whisked down the shore, right over a fisherman's line. I flipped the rudder up, the fisherman was nice about it, and we quickly recovered. On this small lake with the high hills around it the wind is always very fickle. First it came from one direction, then it would die, then it came from the other direction, but we did fairly well anyway and Anne had a great time. We came back to shore to switch grandchildren, but could not quite give it up so soon, so we sailed a bit more. Finally Sam got his turn and he really did quite well.

For my part, I had an absolute ball. This kayak sails so much better than the original that I am as ready to go again as the children are. The new single leeboard worked well and the pontoons barely touched the water. As I thought, they are not necessary, except maybe in a fresh breeze. It seems that saving the old sail was not such a bad idea.

So now it is mission accomplished. The boat not built for sailing has been successfully converted and the grand-

children have had their sail. So does this leave Grampa with nothing to do? Not on your life. You don't know my grandchildren. I have this stash of bits and pieces of wood and other material saved, and they have ideas and projects, toy boats, doll-houses, tree houses, castles, light houses, you name it. Now the saved stuff is being used up at a fairly rapid rate and that is as it should be. Sometimes being a bit of a saver pays off.



Loaded and ready. Note wheels.

Anne and the sailing kayak.

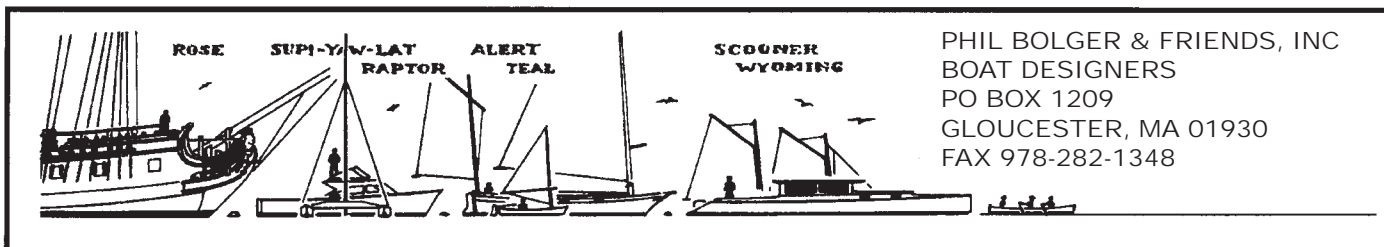


Sailing but not much wind.

Younger brother waiting his turn.



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Nenad Belic's plans to row across the Atlantic would come to fruition in May of 2001, some ten years after Phil had designed her for the purpose. Around January 2000 we had poured many ideas into the second version of Design #585 and had promptly shared these additional sheets with him, along with commentary. None apparently found their way on to *Lun*.

By the fall of 2000, Belic was in the final stages of preparing for his transatlantic row. He trailed her to Chatham on Cape Cod where she'd spend the winter in storage and under preparations at a boatyard. It may be some four hours from Gloucester to Chatham on a lazy drive, but we were never informed of her presence there, nor of his intentions to cross the Atlantic next spring.

Painted bright yellow and loaded with provisions for a projected 100-odd days of crossing time, Belic rowed *Lun* (after Luna, the moon) out of Chatham Harbor on a bright sunny morning of May 11, 2001. His two film-maker sons captured the departure as one part of the documentary of their father's indomitable quest to at last do the big row.

A student of medicine from Yugoslavia, he had pursued internships and later fellowships in the States and lived a successful life of discipline, drive, opportunities, and deep respect for medical protocols, "second" if not "third" opinions, and support by fellow professionals and medical technical backup systems. A second marriage had produced two girls who in 2001 would be 17 and 12. By the time of his retirement at 59 he had achieved high professional attainment, position, affluence, and social prominence in Chicago. This was the time he would at last follow his need to pursue the venture, overriding any objection from family and friends alike. Professional and familial obligations were now secondary to this project he'd thought of first in 1989 when he rowed around an island back in the old country.

When he left, he was well equipped in specialized knowledge and dedicated hardware for navigation, meteorology, communications, safety and very well provisioned to a highly-developed schedule of nutritional principles. Via Sat-phone he would come to draw twice a week on two hired meteorologists' and oceanographer's dedicated counsel to guide him through weather and currents. Still, he successfully evaded the Coast Guard, not calling in until he was well out from Cape Cod.

That year, Chatham, Massachusetts proved to be a poor starting point, despite apparent geographical advantages. The Gulf Stream was even further east than usual and untypical headwinds slowed progress. By May 31st he had only covered 89 miles. Then he caught the Gulf Stream and made good progress for several weeks. When on June 23rd he traded medical advice for some fresh fruit with a 73' yacht on its way east to Ireland, he was about 6 weeks and 743 miles

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(Part Two of Two)

out from Chatham. 2,144 miles were left to do. Then he was caught for four days in a 2kts clockwise circular current, with his GPS at times indicating fine progress headed west! By end of July, though, 1926 miles over ground had been logged after 81 days at sea.

Between currents and weather, his landfall projections remained uncertain between Ireland and France. And by August 22nd he had perhaps a month of food left for another 900 projected miles to France. As a physician he had planned on consuming between 3,500-5,000cal/day and had found on his lake cruise that drinking 2-3 liters of water was sufficient.

On September 13th he received a meager package of food from a passing container ship, but five days later he scored a sizable sack of provisions from another freighter, this time with ravioli, baked beans, corned beef, sausages, fruits, cheese, and hard-bread. So far his diet had been a scientifically-crafted menu of MREs and other highly-concentrated supplies, all flushed down with bottled and then water-maker-sourced water.

Across well over four months on the Atlantic Ocean, *Lun* served her specifically-designed purpose. She demonstrated apparently very functional ergonomics for rowing her over hundreds and thousands of miles. She offered reliable protection from the ravages of weather on the human body, along with conveniences such as email, sat-com and, of course, all radio bands always within immediate reach, dry and reliable. As a result, Nenad Belic reported none of the health issues typical, such as serious skin conditions, from incessant exposure. In fact, between *Lun*'s support and comforts and his personal philosophy towards this great adventure, he retained a positive outlook and sounded upbeat over the sat-phone or in person in his dealings with the two freighters. He no doubt drew energy from frequent emailing to and from family and friends, and listening to radio as he followed a rhythm of rowing and rest, active progress and drifting under sea-anchor. Phil and I here in Gloucester would still not be included in

that communications loop around the voyage already so far across the Atlantic.

In the last week of September, 2001, a first storm just brushed him, as he continued to make progress with 2,535 miles done and 481 miles to landfall, now projected to be the Ireland. Another storm came and went, with Belic's craft again riding to the sea-anchor over the largest swells yet. By Thursday, 27th of September, a massive low-pressure system was projected for Sunday, Sept. 30th with the barometer to drop below 950 millibars, the most violent system yet to put Belic and *Lun* in harm's way. And his team of advisors warned him to evade the likely dangers by deploying his EPIRB (radio locating beacon) and be picked up by Irish or British authorities. His experience in the previous storms kept him from pushing the "panic button".

That Sunday swells roses from 15' to 30+ with localized "Perfect Storm" collisions of sub-systems speculated to have pushed freak-seas up to 50'. But detailed hard data proved elusive. What was known by 10:30 that night, Belic's EPIRB had been manually and thus explicitly activated some 260 miles west of Bantry Bay. By 11:10pm a Royal Air Force Nimrod long-range reconnaissance jet found the flashing light beacon and guided an RAF helicopter to the scene which dropped two life-rafts. But they would only be able to confirm the presence of the beacon, not the boat or Belic. 17 hours of search by air and sea in some 60kts of winds was added to by another day, and then yet another day, so strong was Belic's Chicago network of highly-placed supporters now rallying to do anything to find him.

Six weeks later Irish fishermen spotted what seemed like a dead whale but proved to be the dark-painted belly of partially-rolled and flooded *Lun*, drifting towards the cliffs just a quarter mile away from an impact which would have turned the intact hull into debris perhaps just an hour later. He had thought her so well constructed and she had brought him through several storms, that indeed his trust that *Lun*'s structure had proven well-founded. But nobody was inside her. One window of the canopy was busted and one of three hatches was open and loose. His wallet and passport were found but no logbook. His body was never recovered. The date of his death was set for September 30th 2001. The voyage had taken 143 days.

We were taken aback to only hear of the whole voyage just as the bad weather-system grew and could only feel helplessness, and initially irritation. This only grew into frustration after the searches were called-off, this we were promptly informed of... and there was heartfelt sympathy for his widow and the two orphaned daughters, what a loss, a vast hole torn through the middle of their lives.

There were a number of elements of the Atlantic-Row Project that came to really chafe on us. There had been many smart folks

with means and reach involved, from Nenad Belic himself over the immediate family to far-flung and influential friends. And any one of them could have asked for a "Second Opinion" about *Lun's* configuration "as is", from us for instance. His wife in particular had been very concerned about his project and had resisted for many years in good part in the interest of the two younger daughters. We were only a few hours away from the boat by car, and full of good will. We had sent him the upgrades well over a year in advance of his secret starting-date. We had indicated unambiguously that we were still interested in the craft and his plans for a big voyage. And we had shared, pro bono, with a client clearly of significant means what we had come to see as serious improvements in the craft and thus any long-range voyage's probability of success, i.e. a net improvement of the odds of survival.

Belic and his wife were deeply rooted in a highly-structured professional universe full of protocols, support by fellow professionals and medical-technical back-up systems. And yet this project would be subject to a range of more or less arbitrary built-in liabilities that cumulatively would come to contribute to a family catastrophe on the one side and yet were fundamentally simple and relatively undemanding to address successfully on the other.

Nobody could fix the weather or unfavorable currents, but less drag under oars would plausibly have added up to greater progress on average and thus likely avoidance of the Fall bad-weather systems. As touched upon in Part 1 and thus in early 2000:

Hydrodynamic Drag: On any craft with such limited power-input for progress, adding some estimated 10 square-feet of ineffective keel/skeg aft would cost dearly in every stroke on the oars. We had replaced the skeg of the original design with a rudder of much better control farther aft. Based on much shorter rowing exploits we had known that being forced to perform uneven work at the oars to control her course is problematic on any longer trip, never mind such a long-range itinerary.

Aerodynamic Drag: After significant cost invested in a sleek hull, the casual ruination of any useful aerodynamics remains intellectually very puzzling with nowadays so many appropriate shapes and appendices surrounding us almost casually, from motorcycle fairings, over sleek cars, to many decades now of fundamental airframe design principles. None of this is exotic thinking anymore. And *Hermes* shows one option, with others conceivable. Today, perhaps a square-tail sliding canopy with a hinged transparency aft and faired into the fixed sleek front half would offer further ventilation enhancement well into driving rain. When you need to make distance across the wind or even into a modest breeze for a limited while such as on a leeshore, every advantage would count.

But there was a major safety problem Belic left unaddressed just as he headed into gales. Closer examination of the hull first by divers and later on land found a stunning and likely lethal reality: He was carrying no water ballast: Her system of ballast-tanks were found to be tight but empty or missing their screw-caps! In three structurally-integrated chambers per side a total of some 65gals of water could be carried according to Belic's own usage good for something like 90 days, (with additional containers stored elsewhere

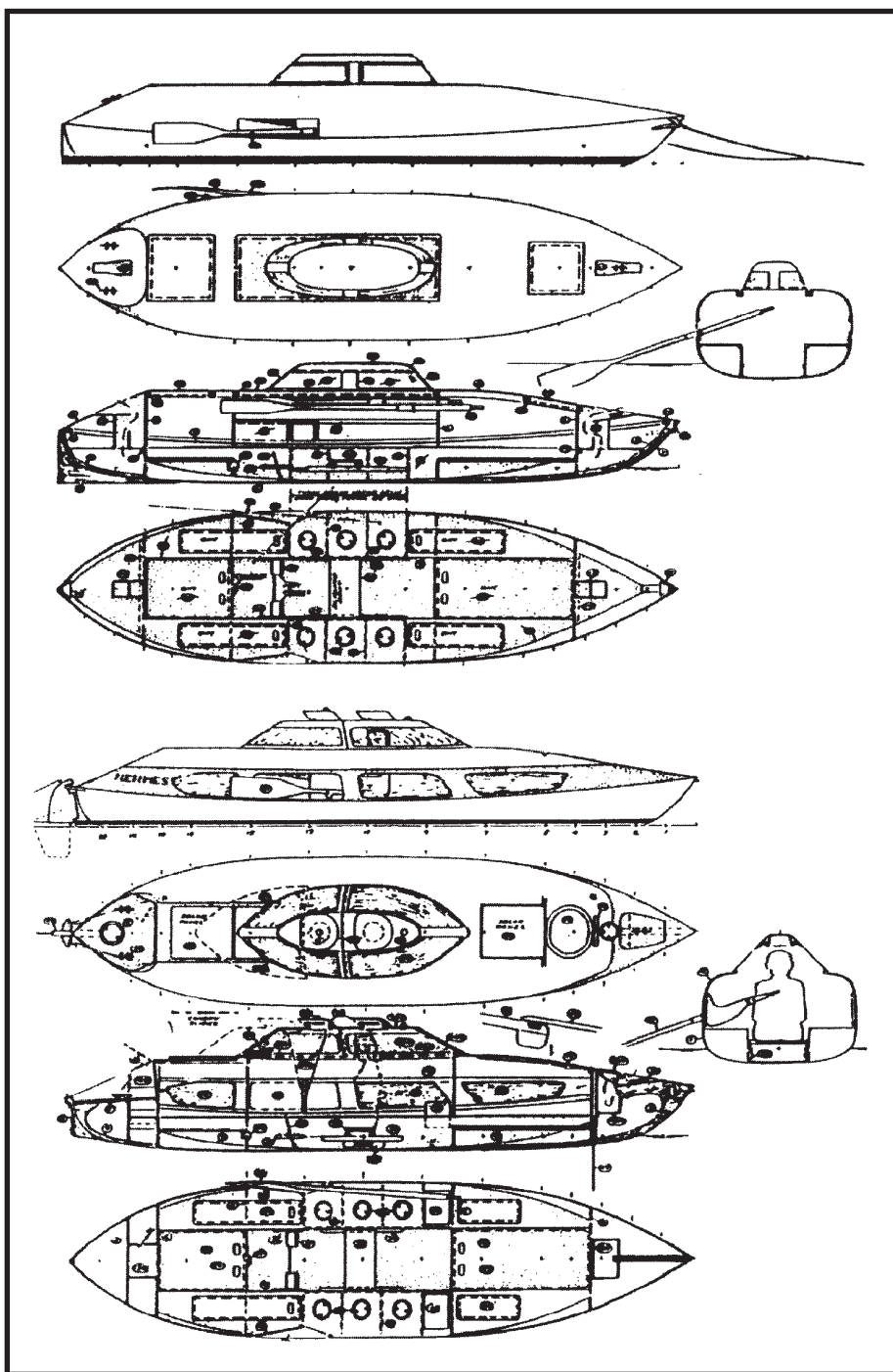
aboard.) And once consumed, and replaced cell-after-cell with salt-water, a total of some 560lbs of perfectly-placed ballast would be available on-demand. For best progress, he'd keep the tanks empty and the boat that much lighter. But once he knew that ugly weather is on its way and he would be done rowing and will have to hang on for dear life indeed, then he'd ballast her down purposefully.

It takes a modest through-hull, a simple manual diaphragm pump and a hose long enough to fit into a bung-hole in each cell for reliable delivery of free ballast in increasingly turbulent conditions. Then resting on his mattress and covered in his sleeping-bag, head propped up with pillows, all for soft surfaces during the gale, he'd strap himself down, nestled tight between those tanks and with everything from a teddy-bear to rosary-beads in anxious hands for comfort. In that position and in that location way on

her bottom, it would be hard to dislocate a shoulder or knock himself unconscious.

And between 560lbs of water and say a lean 150lbs rower's hard-body in between, he was looking at 700+lbs of superbly-placed ballast, more than 30% of her full-load displacement. (That would be very good for a sailing craft, but *Lun* carried no rig and sails of course.) This would calm her lateral motion some and would allow that long sleek fully-rounded shape to just about always come up right-side up, no matter the rate of seas tossing her about and attempting to roll her as long as the shape remains intact. And *Lun's* structural integrity was never an issue, as it turned out.

For belts & suspenders facing a serious gale he would inflate airbags to aid in her flotation should a breach occur. But while he may have had some, none were found full or deflated aboard the recovered craft.



So what was, and remains, our explanation for his death, once the discovery of her intact hull ruled out towering seas pan-caking craft and crew? We agreed on two key causes for his death, one slow and insidious set of causes and one obvious and sudden:

1. Thoughtless increases in aero and hydrodynamic drag permanently reduced his relative speed-potential and thus slowed his progress and increased the risk of being in harm's way for the typically heavier fall weather systems.

2. Unballasted in a serious gale, *Lun* got rolled once or repeatedly, with or without injuring Nenad Belic. Without reliable self-righting capability laying rolled over makes ventilation impossible. She was found flooded, afloat with her attitude at 16:30 position rather than bolt-upright at 12:00. Without reliable stability, forcing her from within to right by exerting his weight would be unreliable if not impossible. With or without injuries he concludes he has to get out for air and to right her by grabbing the aluminum canopy for better leverage. He opens the hatch, and he may be taking the EPIRB out with him to activate it in this utter distress. Whether slammed against the hull or canopy and knocked out to drown or just succumbing to hypothermia in 60-degree waters he has no backup as he decided to do without a survival suit and carried no harness either.

Various other combinations of these elements are possible, all leading to the same outcome. Out of options, one can only hope that his end was fast. Why would he not have her ballasted down after the unambiguous warning of 950 milli-bars via satellite-phone from paid experts? He developed a perspective on the issue during his Lake Michigan trip which removes much uncertainty. As he stated: "On my shakedown cruise across Lake Michigan loading water was slow and the water from the 5-gallon plastic jars did not have a great taste. After that I bought sixty 1.5 liter bottles and stuffed them snugly into the side-compartments..." Later in the middle of the Atlantic,

facing severe weather Belic had apparently no harness to strap himself down, no survival suit, no life raft, no spare EPIRB, and nothing aboard tied down. And he had given her a dark-colored bottom-paint-job! Rescuers might have seen the hull from the air and surface vessels during daylight next day had she'd had a white bottom-paint job. He might have been found alive.

Had it not been for those alert fishermen spotting *Lun* near those cliffs that day, we would not have had her intact hull to begin to explore what likely killed him. Growth along her interior waterline suggested weeks in that particular attitude, probably since that fateful September 30th.

What was lost? A husband to a wife wracked by great trepidations before he overruled her and set out. A father to two young women in their formative years. A friend to many and a solid contributor to the community. And for whatever most personal reasons, after a lifetime of applying serious discipline in a challenging profession in a foreign land, on this project he appeared to discard much of that calm rationality, that focus on the logical, the reflexive reach for solid back-up. While he valued highly his own opinion, he did not respect our friendly counsel or de facto role in his voyage. He appeared to need to be free for once from these constraints and just do what he wanted to do on his terms...

There were fortunately no losses amongst the flying and surface-rescue crews that risked their lives searching for him during and after that storm, many of them with families of their own in fear at home.

Way down below any list of losses are our "petty" technical ones: *Lun's* design was, and remains, perhaps the most rational design for such an extreme purpose. But as *Lun*, Design #585 could never prove to be a positive example for others with similar aspirations to Belic's. To this day, without checking out every such expedition, most craft seem conceptual makeshifts for the task despite applications of high-tech components and presumed legitimacy by sheer repetition.

One example is the type sold by the Ocean Rowing Society out of the U.K., an open cockpit for two with a claustrophobic after-cabin and small foc's'l, with crew either fully exposed or cramming their combined weight into the far end of the craft. After the Belic tragedy, we cultivated contact with ORS-chief Kenneth Crutchlow to see a design forum set up within ORS for all to learn from this and other losses towards developing the safest such types. But we did not find any resonance. There appears to be none to this day. Perusing www.oceanrowing.com under ocean row boats, buried at the end of a statistics listing, only *Lun* offers her style of physical protection from the elements and proven rowing ergonomics; at least she's shown. Phil being ahead of the curve is one thing. But that site would only depress him with their set of priorities some 20 years after #585 was first designed.

Today one could tweak Design #585 here and there, stretch her for two, or shrink/slim her some for less ambitious coastal rowing; Phil had started out with such lighter types but had also pursued an even larger 33'x6' one for three crew considering a Trans-Pacific row. By 2010 *Hermes* remains a rigorous design-exercise and should serve well if built and operated as designed. Plans for Design #585 *Hermes* on five sheets remain at the listed price of US\$300 to build one boat, sent priority-mail, rolled in a tube.

This narrative was based on three print-sources, plus in-house notes, phone-calls, internet-research etc. The three print-sources are:

Chicago (magazine), March 2002, "Taken by Storm" by Peggy Wolff, p.72ff; *Soundings*, March 2002, "Atlantic Rower Lost Chasing Dream", by JoAnn W. Goddard, p. 18ff;

Open Water Rowing, mid-March, 2000, Issue 21, pp1-5.

Plans for Design #585 *Hermes* on five sheets remain at the listed price of US \$300 to build one boat, sent Priority Mail, rolled in a tube.

News from the Burnham Boatyard

From Harold Burnham's Blog

Computers can now perform many of the tasks that were once the domain of the draftsmen and designers on the lofting floor, but in my opinion there is no better way to get the shape of the boat in my head than by crawling around inside the vessel on the loft floor. Like so many things I do, I find a place for traditional methods. But it is tough on the knees and, after two weeks on the floor, today is the last day in the lofting process. I am drawing the stations, the last step, and as Howard Chappelle wrote, "having made certain that each section agrees in heights and half-breadths with its corresponding section or station on the profile and half-breadth plans," I have locked in the stations. As everything corresponds on the floor, I am nearly ready to complete one of the most important steps in the construction of the schooner. After the lofting is done, the process of making the patterns and moulds will begin.



Got a sunburn from too many hours at the tiller? How about those itchy bug bites? Or maybe you just realized the sturdy vine you held onto for support while taking that little nature hike had clusters of three leave Perhaps (as you inventoried your meager provisions) you really wished you had some greens to go with those Spaghettios.

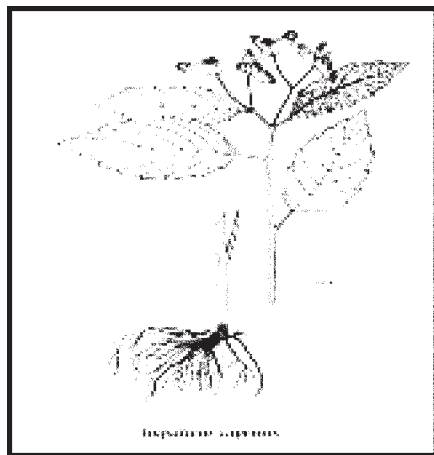
Luckily, Mother Nature provides us with an abundance of herbs that soothe, heal, and nourish, if we know what to look for. They can be found along the water's edge, (both fresh and brackish) or within a short hike into wood or field. They are common weeds and wildflowers to most, but to one who knows their secrets, they are green allies. This series will feature common plants one would see along the shores of the Delaware River, and indeed, along the shores of many rivers in the Northeast.

Plantain

(*Plantago major* or *Plantago lanceolata*)

What late summer sailing trip would be complete without the ever-present mosquitoes? You may also be lucky enough to encounter greenheads, no-see-ums, or black flies. Perhaps just a good old-fashioned bee sting. Plantain is your new best friend.

Plantain, also called ribwort, pig's ear, and the band-aid plant, is a common weed of lawns, driveways, parks, and playgrounds. Identify it by the five parallel veins running the length of each leaf. (Most leaves have a central vein with smaller ones branching out from it.) You may find broad leaf Plantain (*Plantago major*), with wide leaves and a tall seed head, or narrow leaf plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*), with long thin leaves and a small flower head that looks like a flying saucer.



Herbs Overboard!

Down the Delaware An Herbal Adventure

Judith E. Millar, Herbalist
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Just pick a leaf (always clean it off and check for bugs) and chew it until it's a paste. Put the paste on the bite or sting. You've made your first poultice! The pain, swelling, and heat of the bite or sting should subside quickly. Apply as often as needed. You can also dry some Plantain leaves to keep in your first aid kit. Chew them and apply as you would the fresh leaf. Plantain infusion (strong tea) can also be used as a soothing wash for sunburn, windburn, rashes, or wounds. To make a plantain infusion, simply add a small handful of fresh Plantain leaves to a cup or two of water, cover, and bring to a gentle boil. Turn off heat, and let steep for 15 to 30 minutes, then strain out the leaves. The infusion is best when fresh, although it can be stored in the refrigerator/cooler for a few days.

Plantain may also be used as a salad green or potherb. Pick when young for mildest flavor. It is high in calcium, and vitamins B1, B2, C, A, and K.

Precautions: Plantain is not associated with any common side effects and is thought to be safe for children.

Spotted Jewelweed

Pale Jewelweed

(*Impatiens capensis*, *I. pallida*)

Another "gem" of an herb (sorry, I had to). Jewelweed is so called for the way water beads on its leaves, and the bright silver sheen on the backs of the leaves when immersed in water (Children love that trick). The Latin "*Impatiens*" refers to the way the seed pod will burst when touched, throwing the seeds to the earth, earning it the other common name of "Touch Me Not". There are several varieties, although the orange spotted type seems most common (*Impatiens capensis*). The yellow flowered variety (*Impatiens pallida*) works just as well.

This annual can reach 5' in height and often grows in thick stands at the water's edge (fresh) or in moist lowlands. Jewelweed

has a wide range, covering most of the eastern U.S. The medium green leaves are toothed, alternate, about 3" long. The flowers are irregular in shape and are up to 1" long. They are orange and yellow with darker splotches. Blooms first appear in early summer and continue into late summer. The flowers have a wet, delicate appearance. The sack-like back of the flower is actually the larger of three sepals, which has a turned down spur to 1" long. The fruit is a bright green, shiny pod, containing small brown seeds.


The juice is used to treat many types of skin eruptions and injuries and is especially touted as a cure and even a preventative for Poison Ivy, Oak, and Sumac rash. It also relieves bug bites and stings, Nettle stings, minor burns, sunburn, cuts, eczema, acne, athlete's foot, and sores. Just break open a stem and rub the juice on the affected area. You can keep some fresh on hand for several days if it's put in a container and kept cool. You can also boil a few handfuls of it for 15-30 minutes (start with enough water to cover the herb) and strain the liquid when cooled. This may be kept in a jar in your cooler for several days. The key here is to apply with gauze or cotton, and apply often!

When I find a stand of Jewelweed, I bring home a bucketful (quickly, they wilt fast) and put the whole plant in the blender with some pure water. I strain the mixture through cheesecloth and pour the liquid into ice cube trays. When frozen, put the cubes in a freezer bag. The cubes are good for at least 6 months if kept frozen. Instant relief for many skin irritations at the ready!!

The seeds are tasty as well. Wrap your hand snugly around the capsule and feel it explode. Pick out the curled pod pieces and munch on the walnut flavored seeds. It's a small trailside nibble, both fun and nutritious.

Precautions: None known for the fresh juice or decoction (boiled herb in water). There have been cases in which the tincture was used (alcohol base) and caused an allergic reaction. A safer (and certainly more tolerable on irritated skin) would be to soak jewelweed in commercial Witch Hazel for several days, and use that for minor skin problems. Some practitioners claim that short-term internal use is helpful in severe cases of Poison Ivy. Since little is known about its effects, I wouldn't recommend it be used internally.

(Judith Millar is an herbalist and educator, a paddler of small quiet waters, and an occasional first mate on *Sedge*, a 21' Dovekie. She makes herby messes in Ocean County, NJ, and all over the Western Catskills, NY.)



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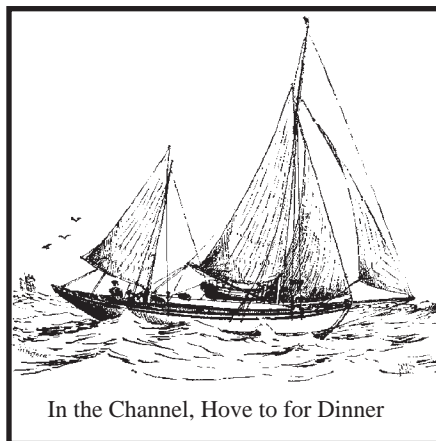
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“Hi ya, Bill! Where’s my crab net?” That hail preceded the prettiest piece of seamanship I have ever witnessed,” H.A. Callahan recalls. “I was sitting fishing on the dock at New Suffolk on Peconic Bay, then the center of the Long Island scallop fisheries. The hail came from a scalloper who was sailing past the dock. Bill was fishing by my side. He replied, ‘I got it right here.’ With that the scalloper pointed his sloop into the wind, made some rapid adjustment to jib sheet and main sheet, jumped into his dinghy, and sculled lazily over to the dock. He tied up at the ladder, climbed the dock, counted and commented on all the fish his friend Bill had caught, retrieved his crab net, discussed all the latest gossip, and after 15 or 20 minutes descended to his dinghy, sculled out to his boat, tied the dinghy astern, trimmed his sheets, and resumed sailing. All that time that big sloop (she was about 45’ overall with a clipper bow and a long nose pole) stayed right where he had left her and did not move a foot from her position. It was a wonderful example of the difficult art of ‘heaving a boat to.’”

For thousands of years, sailors have been heaving to in all kinds of weather. Some of them wrote about it. They can tell us what it is and how best to do it. To heave to is to “bring a ship to a standstill by setting the sails so as to counteract one another.” An old phrase for heaving to captures the principle “counter bracing.” While the net effect is that the vessel is to be at a standstill, the boat is really going through a series of movements that cancel each other out. You heave a ship or boat to “on the wind with her helm to leeward and her sails shortened and trimmed so that when she comes up to the wind, she will fall off again on the same tack and thus makes no headway.” Thus Robisons says that a ship hove to “is not like a mere log, but has a certain motion which keeps her under command.”

Heaving To

By Duncan Wright



In the Channel, Hove to for Dinner

Alan Villiers says that the square rigger knew two kinds of heaving to. “One was in fine weather... (where) the ship would lie quietly, practically still.” The other “was in bad weather, when she was hove to like an albatross asleep on the sea, with her head tucked under her wing, shortened down, and no longer fighting to make headway but giving slowly to the seas, coming up a little, failing off a little, drifting to leeward under minimum canvas.” Sailors in square riggers made the most use of heaving to. Sailors of small open boats also can heave to, to make repairs, eat, rest, or wait for friends in other boats to catch up. They can do this if the wind is not too strong.

John Hart says that a 14’ centerboard sailboat will lie comfortably hove to in wind strengths of Force 4 or less. When the wind increases to Force 5 (17-21 knots), many whitecaps will appear. The wind will blow some of the tops of the white caps off into spray. In a protected bay any white caps at all suggest a Force 5. At this point “it becomes difficult and rather dangerous to heave to, as a stationary boat is very vulnerable to a strong gust which may blow it over, especially if the centerboard is down.” (In Force 5 or above, a small open boat should lie to a sea anchor.) Let’s say the wind is Force 4 or less and you would like to heave to. On which tack should you do so? Saint Luke has an answer.

The Romans had taken Paul and Luke prisoner in Caesarea and placed them on a grain ship with 276 crew and passengers, bound for Rome. It was late autumn. The ship stopped at Fair Havens, on the southern coast of Crete. They began to sail to Phenice, a more sheltered harbor just a few hours away. However, a northeasterly gale blew in and pushed them past Crete. The captain hove to on starboard tack. When the boat drifted, it drifted west towards Italy, where he wanted to go. On the fourteenth day the captain ran the ship onto a beach at Malta where “all came safe and sound to land.”

If the direction of drift is not important, the *American Practical Navigator* advises heaving to “on whatever tack permits the shifts of wind to draw aft.” For example, Alan Watts notes that in the northern hemisphere the worst of a passing cold front occurs when the wind shifts suddenly clockwise with strong gusts. In that case it would be good to be on starboard tack.

If a shift in the wind is not a concern, heaving to on starboard tack gives you the

right of way. This could be useful for small boats, according to Lynn and Larry Pardey, “as larger sailing boats in your waters might carry on through squalls and see your boat hove to.” Having decided on which tack to heave to, you can begin.

To heave to in a small sailboat, Hart suggests luffing the boat slowly until head to wind. Fix a transit on the shore, look at two landmarks right behind each other to determine when you have stopped. Then back the jib “not too much at first” and sheet in the main. Raise the centerboard halfway. “If the wind is strong this could be dangerous,” so raise the centerboard, perhaps two-thirds. “In light dinghies the mainsail does not need to be used. Simply put the helm down hard and keep it there and use it to counteract the effect of the backed jib. By trial and error you will find the combination of jib-mainsail-helm which best suits your particular boat.” The boat will eventually settle so that it lies with the wind slightly on the weather bow. In very strong winds the jib will need to be backed only a little and if the head blows off then lower the centerboard more.” If no combination of jib-mainsail-helm works, consider taking the sails off and lying to a sea anchor. When the boat has settled down, consider which way you are drifting, relative to the direction of the wind and waves.

While hove to in light air your boat might not drift any more than the scalloper’s did. In heavier winds the boat will drift. It should drift square to the wind, that is, at 90 degrees to the wind. As Captain Voss says, “The wake then, instead of being under the stern, as in the case of sailing, will appear along the vessel’s weather side, which has a most wonderful effect in smoothing down breaking seas on their approach.” Let’s say you have hove to successfully and wish to get underway again. You’ll remember that your boat is not a “mere log,” but under your command. Lower the centerboard. Wait for the boat to fall off. Bring the tiller amidships or to windward. When well off, let the jib draw, and you’re sailing.

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From JimThayer

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What's Going on at Bone Yard Boats

By David Irving
Editor/Publisher



This past August was my fifth anniversary at the helm of *Bone Yard Boats*. I took over its publication from Ginger Martus back in 2005. I made the conscious decision back then to focus my efforts on creating a true, quarterly print publication, building a base of old boat loving subscribers and establishing boneyardboats.com as the go-to destination website for lovers of these old boats. With these three priorities all well underway, the time is right to bring additional value to the expanding *Bone Yard Boats* community of professional and amateur boat restorers by re-introducing reasonably priced relevant advertising in multiple forms. If you offer a product or service that you think is a fit for the *Bone Yard Boats* crew, then please check out the "Advertise" tab on the far right of most *BYB* website pages.

My very first act as *Bone Yard Boats* editor/publisher back in 2005 was to exhibit, alongside Ginger, at the *WoodenBoat Show* in Newport, Rhode Island. So I thought it was only fitting on my fifth anniversary to exhibit again at this year's *WoodenBoat Show* in Mystic, Connecticut. I'm glad I did. I had hundreds of wonderful conversations with old boat lovers of all types. I signed up a bunch of new *BYB* subscribers and I finally got to meet some longtime subscribers and match faces to names I've come to know so well.

Al Zink and his lovely wife stopped by to tell me that they were restoring their second Bone Yard Boat. Three or four years ago I gave their son, John, some copies of *Bone Yard Boats*, at least one of which he gave to his dad, Al. Al became a subscriber and quickly found a Lyman to restore on the pages of *BYB*. The Zinks are now working on a Richardson.

The Haggertys stopped by as well. These guys know Elcos. I lost track of how many they have and/or had, but one, I'm pretty sure, is a 1930 38-footer nicely restored and very similar to the Elco owned by Charles Lindbergh. Patrick promised to take me for a ride the next time I'm in his area. I hope he was serious because I take boat ride offers very seriously, particularly on a classic like that!

I also found someone at the show to adopt a beautiful 1938 Sparkman & Stephens 42' sloop advertised free on our pages. Paula and Michael of New Hampshire acquired this sailboat with the purchase of their home. When they bought the house the boat was in the backyard. Fortunately, they appreci-

ated the value of this vessel. Shortly after our spring issue mailed in late April, this 1938 S&S 42' sloop was the subject of a broad *Bone Yard Boats* email alert campaign (if you don't receive our emails you may want to make sure that I have your email address).

While manning our booth at the show I took the opportunity to talk up the S&S, along with other summer issue boats, to the old boat fans who stopped by the booth. Two young guys who were crewing on a sailboat at the show took interest in what I had to say about the Sparkman & Stephens, with Roger being particularly intrigued. I told him to check out the pictures on the *BYB* website and to let me know if he wanted to take it to the next step and contact the owner. Early the next day, Roger was back at the booth. He was most definitely interested in saving this classic vessel. I supplied him with the owner contact info. When I returned to *BYB* HQ after the show I let the owners know that I had spoken with a guy named Roger who just might be "the one."

A couple of weeks later I heard from Paula and Michael, "Roger has contacted us and has been up to see the boat and do an inspection inside and outside. He was pleased with the condition of the boat (lack of dry rot) and loved the lines. He later called to confirm he will be taking the boat. We could not be more thrilled! Roger and his friend have the resources to complete the task with the passion to drive them. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts, you have saved a wonderful boat!"

I have renamed the subscriber area of the *Bone Yard Boats* website "The Wheelhouse" (formerly "Crew's Nest"). It seemed like a more fitting name and more consistent with the *BYB* ship's wheel logo.

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We always use the right tool for the job? Well, maybe. I am sure that most of you have completed the project with what was available from time to time. Adjustable pliers, duct tape, bailing wire (or its equivalent), and vise-grip pliers are sometimes the solution to the fix because the special tool is not available. What brought the above to mind was watching an oil change on one of the new cars with a plastic oil filter cartridge, limited room to work, and the requirement for a special socket that fitted the plastic filter cartridge. The owner had purchased a generic socket for half the price of the one designed and sold by the car's manufacturer. The generic tool did not "fit" properly and oil ended up everywhere on the garage floor. It was a case where the actual tool would have done the job quite neatly. Last I knew, he was off to purchase the tool for the job.

Your bilge pump is what helps keep the boat dry. There have been a number of articles written on the effect of the distance needed to pump the bilge water out of the boat. What these articles tell the reader is that there is a loss in the flow with distance and type of hose used. Few bilge pump manufacturers provide a table with the flow rate over distance and elevation required to put the water out of the boat. If you want to calculate how well your bilge pump will do if there is a hole in the hull, you might want to consider the following formula to estimate the inflow and see if your bilge pump is adequate. The formula is:

$$Q = 11.86 \times D^2 \times \text{square root of } H$$

Q = inflow at gallons/minute
D = diameter of the hole (inches)
in the hull

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

H = depth of the hole (feet) below the water line

The explanation that accompanied this formula noted that a 2" hole, 2' down would have an inflow of about 67 gallons/minute.

$$D = 4$$

$$H = 1.4142136$$

$$Q = 11.86 \times 4 \times 1.4142136 = 67.1$$

You can change the diameter of the hole and/or the depth thereof and do your own calculations. Then you can match the expected flow with the output capacity of your bilge pump where the water goes overboard. PFDs and tapered soft-wood cone plugs anyone?

Another potential tropical storm/hurricane was building in the Caribbean in late July when I wrote this. While the last depression formed, I unloaded the boat and secured the coastal cottage. The cottage has been opened back up, but the boat is still stripped and the hurricane ties ready for installation. It may be one of those seasons. Shell Point is not a protected area from tropical storms or hurricanes. In fact, few places along Florida's coastline provide protection from a Category 2 (or higher) hurricane. When Hurricane Dennis came by (some 200 or so miles away) in 2005, our area was flooded (about 12'-13' surge) and I have some photos of our

boat and its dock riding above the shoreline on the pilings.

Part of the preparation for a major storm is tying additional lines from the pilings to the boat and back to the shore. The idea is to keep the wreckage from drifting off. During the surge from Dennis, a floating dock came loose and had it not been caught and secured, it would have drifted on into a retirement community, wreaking damage as it battered its way through the area. I follow the two-tie philosophy for securing the boat. The second line is there to hold things if/when the first line fails. With luck, I will never have to find out if the idea works.

When our Sisu 26, *Hirado*, was built in 1985, the batteries were located amidship, near the center of balance, to help trim the boat, provide the shortest cable run to the engine, and reduce the effects of the motion of the boat. The two batteries were "tied down" with heavy rubber cord using "S" hooks and eye-bolts. Over the years, the eye bolts have rusted and the "S" hooks weakened. One of my projects has been to replace the current battery security arrangement with battery boxes to better protect the batteries and provide more protection from movement.

The only problem is space. The two battery boxes required take up more room than was provided when the boat was built. Hence, I now need to rebuild the platform used to hold the batteries out of the bilge. Such an effort will require removing the existing battery shelf, re-running the fuel lines, and re-positioning the raw water filter assembly. Rather than go to a lot of work, perhaps I should simply purchase some new eye bolts and leave things as they have been for the last 25 years?

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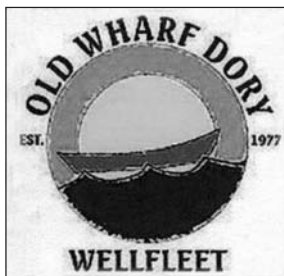
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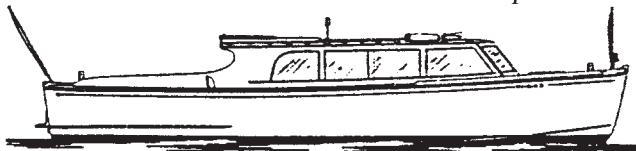
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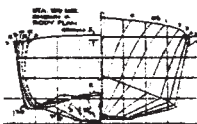
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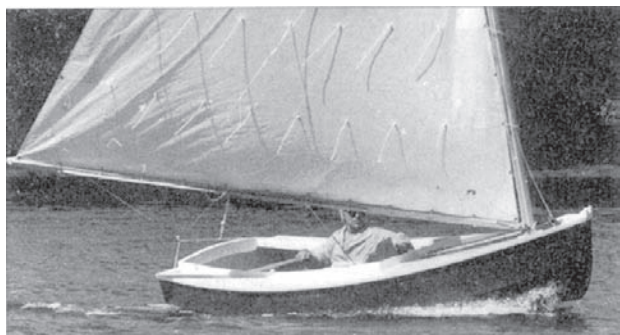
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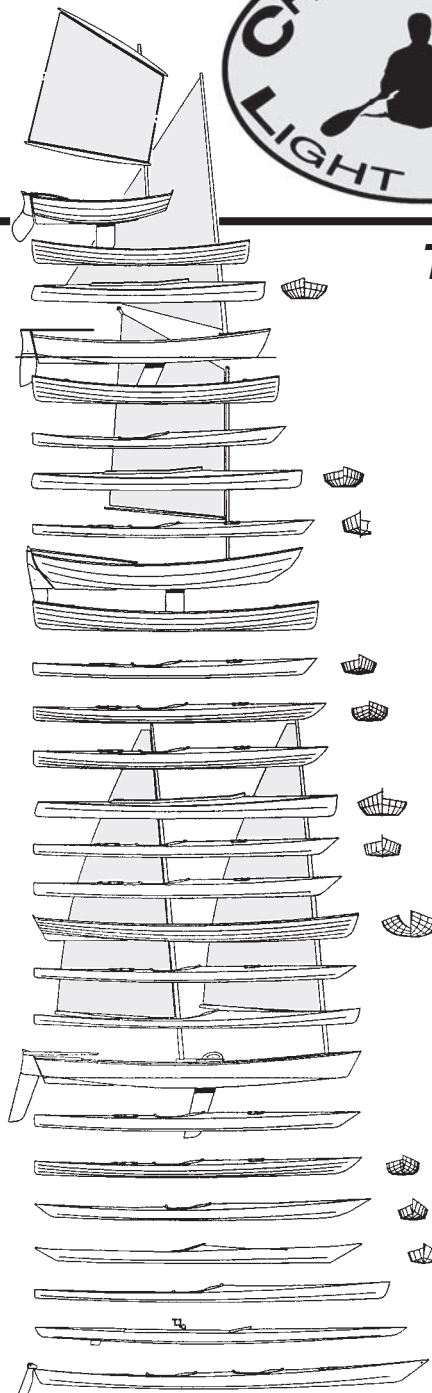
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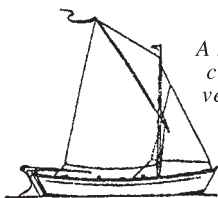
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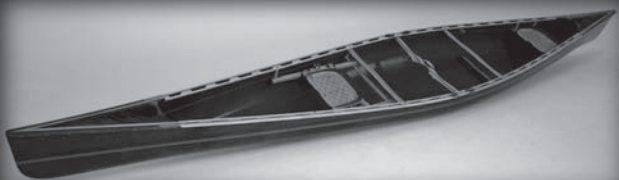
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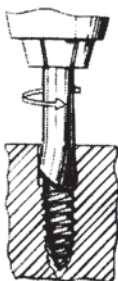
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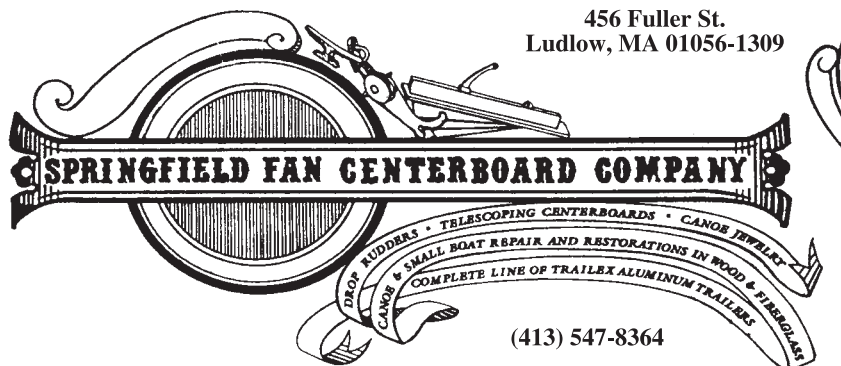
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CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



18' Florida Bay Wooden Sharpie, just restored. 2 sets sails, anchor, chain, rope, 3hp ob, custom aluminum trlr w/new sliders & springs, galv rims & spare. Ready to go into water. Will deliver. \$2,900. LAWRENCE FAGAN, Madison, FL, (305) 923-7384. (11)



1994 Doughdish, fresh water only, Lake Winnepesaukee, first season '95. Original sails, jib repaired '09, some stains on main. 2hp Evinrude long shaft, removeable port side motor mount. Trlr. In water July/Aug/Sep 2010 Center Harbor, NH. Manufacturer's original manuals incl. \$25,500. JOHN FISKE, (603) 253-6277 summer, (781) 899-2936 winter (11)

Alden Ocean Shell, 16' version, approx '93. Single Oarmaster-1 drop-in unit w/Douglas Deltor carbon fiber composite oars. White hull w/green deck. In storage for many years, vy light usage. A few light scratches otherwise in exc cond. Delivery possible within reasonable distance. \$1,750. CRAIG LEWIS, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-5930, craig.lewis@fleckandlewis.com (10)



Redwing 18, built '06, w/Merc 9.9 4-stroke ob & trlr. Great camping boat. Will deliver for expenses. Jim Cooper. Albany OR, (541) 967-8914, jhcalbany@aol.com (11)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



17' Schoodic Lapstrake Canoe, Eric Schade design, professionally built, 1 yr old, pristine cond, sepele 4mm marine grade plywood, ash inwales & outwales, mahogany breasthooks w/ash inlay, ash cane seats, fresh varnish work, wood paddles. Weighs just 55lbs, perfect car topper, classic design, great paddler. Must sell, moving to NM. \$2,000 obo.

JIM MCQUAIDE, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882-7239, pnjmquaide@yahoo.com (11)

Catalina Capri 14.2, (16') self-bailing fg sloop. Kick-up rudder and cb. Furling jib, hiking straps, recent shroud upgrades. Used sparingly in fresh water only in gd cond. Stable sailer & gd learner. Extras incl sail cover, anchor, paddle, pfd. In water. \$1,100.

GEORGE. CALDOW, Coventry RI, (401) 821-1298 (11)

17'3" Chris Craft, wood, '59, 50hp Johnson ob, w/trailer. \$2,500. JOSEPH SNOW, NH, (603) 569-9324, (603) 569-8665 (11)

Mill Creek 13 Kayak, well-known Chesapeake Light Craft design, built in WBS class with former CLC owner Chris Kulczycki. Incl instruction manuals. Vy little use. Asking \$1,100. **Sweet Dream 13' Ultralight Solo Canoe**, part of my fleet reduction. Also built at WBS, little used. Incl book w/all building info, now asking reduced price of \$850. Must sell. Either boat delivered southern New England.

KEN WEEKS, W. Hartford CT, (860) 521-2225, kwwl28@comcast.net (11)

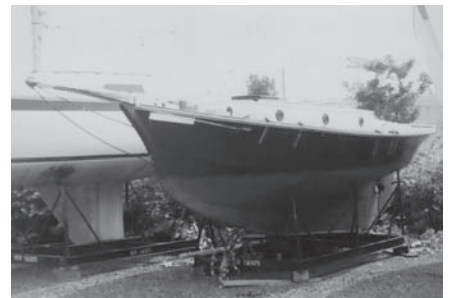
Classic Bart Hawthaway Nomad, 12'x35lbs, fg "Rob Roy" type double paddle canoe. Curved seatback, cushions. One owner, purchased new from designer/builder. Gd cond, garage stored. Hawthaway double bladed paddle incl. New cost \$2120, offered at \$1,200.

CAROLYN KING, Watertown, MA, (617) 923-9630, cnking70897@earthlink.net (10)



Australian Catamaran, 35'x18', wood, surf safe coastal & ocean cruising. Fully found. Built to highest standards by Arber '81. Bristol cond. Expensive. Located Australia.

GORDON GEASLAND, Conshohocken, PA, (610) 940-2668 (11)



27' Atkins Design Schooner, built early '80s. Hull outside vy gd, nds mostly cosmetics, inside exc. Nds some minor deck repair. Two masts nd refurbishing. Spars vy gd. Atomic-2 ran exc when last used. Cedar strip planked glassed over. Tight hull. On land for 3rd season. Sails older but vy good. Extras. Anchor, cushions, radio, others. Small sink, stove, head, & steel cradle. A weekend or two will have her back to her glorious self. \$10,500.

GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, (716) 681-1315, grundy@fantasiadesign.com (10)

26' Sisu, built 1985, 100hp Westerbeke Diesel, \$25,000. Located on FL Gulf Coast. C. HENRY DEPEW, Tallahassee, FL, sisu26@netally.com (10)

'86 Sea Pearl, Hull #150, in vy gd shape for an '86. Leeboard model in ivory color, NO chalking. Epoxy coating & smooth Petit "Vivid" anti-fouling on bottom. Water ballast tanks diligently re-furbished, NO leaks. Integral factory pump to empty ballast water. Standard size tanbark sail in gd shape w/blue UV strips that protect when furled, no need for covers. Current rotating gooseneck fittings & "boots" where mast meets deck. Brand new rear bimini and forward cockpit cover. Camping tent in exc cond. FG hard shell (2pc) cover for forward cockpit that can be security locked & can be stood on to step masts. Rudder motor mount & Shaw & Tenney oars. Standard bow anchor package. Original tilt trlr (fine working order) w/totally rebuilt bunks, new wheels, hubs, bearings & 2-speed winch. Nothing to do! She is ready for adventure! Boat is in SW Florida. \$5,900.

TERRY CLEMENTS, FL, (239) 283-4946, terensuki@embarqmail.com (10)

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If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus is can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

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DAVID SALSBURG, Whitesboro, NY, (315) 768-7027, DAVENMIS@aol.com (11P)

Wenonah Adirondack Tandem Touring Canoe, '10, new never used. Cost \$1,299 obo. **Perception Aquaterra Chinook Sea Kayak**, w/rudder, float bags, skirt. \$650 obo.
MERV TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (11)

8' Trinka FG Dinghy, '85+/-, compl w/2pc black anodized alum mast, boom, sail & rigging, custom leathered oars, nice wood trim & floorboards, all in gd cond (no trlr). \$1,200. **10' O'Day Sprite**, fg sailboat, alum spars, sail, cd, no rudder, nds some work (no trlr). \$200.
CHARLES BRIGHAM, Cutchogue (eastern LI), NY, (631) 734-4106 (11)

BOATS WANTED

Sunfish Hulls & Parts, repairable, in northeast US.
CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (11)

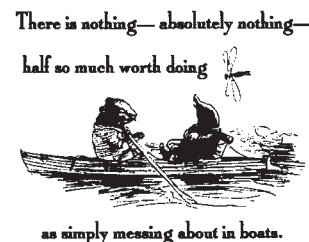
Drascombe Coaster.
TOM WESSON, Mantachie, MS, (662) 282-4246, twhasfun@nexband.com (11)

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DARRYL KEIL, Brunswick, ME, (207) 725-2951, drkeil@comcast.net. (11)

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Unused Boat Plans: **Bolger Oldshoe**, 4-place daysailer, plywood built, w/plenty of interior room. \$50. **Onion River Rascal**, 2-place 14' runabout in the '50s style. \$50. Both for \$90. Prefer USPS money order or check, I don't do Paypal. Shipped rolled in cardboard tubes. You pay shipping only as I already have the tubes. US only, sorry. Shipment will be made when checks clear.
JAMES POLLES, Bethlehem, PA, (610) 759-3713, or aeronca52@gmail.com (10)



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Hey Guys,

I bought my boat about 5 years ago. I keep it at our camp in NE Pennsylvania. But the last few summers I've cartopped it up to the coast of Maine. It is perfect there because it can handle explorations out into the Atlantic and into the nooks and crannies of the jagged coast line.

I had a wonderful row out into the Atlantic, around Walkers Point, and to the village of Kennebunkport. This was probably a 10 mile round trip. Sensational! When people see how swift and graceful the boat is, they call out things like "Beautiful boat," or "Nice lines."

My wife has taken to demanding frequent trips where she sits and I row. We were out by the Cape Porpoise Light House when in comes a big power boat followed by a black boat the said, "Secret Service." It was the first President Bush taking his family to lunch at Cape Porpoise, and they were all looking over at our sleek Adirondack Guide Boat rowing out as they came in.

Anyhow, I just wanted to let you and everyone else know that the thrill never leaves with this boat. I took on a new job as a judge this year so I actually had a two week vacation for the first time in decades. I was in the boat every one of those days. Though vacation is over, I'll be back in the boat this weekend.

Thank you, Jim Hely

Upcoming Shows

Oct 1-3 Boston Boat Show, Boston, MA
Oct 7-11 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD
Oct 14-17 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD

